A CHALLENGE FROM THE PULPIT

BY

REV. RAY BRIDWELL WHITE

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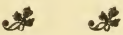
Yours truly,
Ray B. White

A CHALLENGE FROM THE PULPIT

A VOLUME OF SERMONS

By
REV. RAY B. WHITE, A. B.

Author of *The King's Message.* Writer and Compiler of *The Discipline of the Pillar of Fire Church.*



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TO THE
FAITHFUL AND DEVOUT
MINISTERS AND MISSIONARIES

OF THE PILLAR OF FIRE CHURCH WITH WHOM I LABOR IN THE GOSPEL AND TO WHOM I AM IMMEASURABLY INDEBTED FOR ENCOURGEMENT AND INSPIRATION

THESE PAGES ARE

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

FOREWORD

Without pretentions to literary or oratorical qualifications, or any adherence to the staid rules of homiletics, and trusting God to prosper His Word in the thing whereto He has sent it, I respectfully offer this my second volume of sermons to the public as another effort toward the spreading of the Gospel and the defense of the faith. It is my sincere hope and prayer that this book will be at least as favorably received as "The King's Message" which has gone before it. These sermons have all been delivered at some time or other, and the dates and places have been given, whenever it was possible to recall them, in footnotes throughout. If to any it may seem that the title of the book is a trifle flaunting, I would say that it has not been with any air of self-conceit or boasting that I have chosen it, but only with the confidence that any true preacher of God's word would naturally feel in performing the work of his ministry.

R. B. W.

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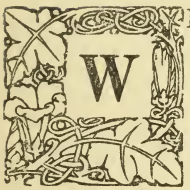
A CHALLENGE FROM THE PULPIT

SERMON I

THE GALILEAN HAS CONQUERED

"Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow!
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow."



HEN the Roman Emperor, Julian the Apostate, was dying on the battle-field after he had done all within his power for years to crush Christianity out of the world and had failed, he is said to have exclaimed with his face heavenward, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered." Thus saying, he spoke for the whole world of Christ's enemies. Vain and useless has it been throughout all ages to challenge the Galilean to combat. The foes of Christ have ever fought a losing battle. The march of Christianity through time has been as steady and unbroken as the procession of the seasons. Men might as well try to stop the movements of the tides or make a captive of the sun as

to try to impede the march of Christianity.

Little did the Jews and Romans believe that when they pierced the side of the *"accursed* Galilean" they were opening a fountain which, pouring its crimson stream down over the rocky ribs of Calvary, would finally inundate the whole world and purge it of all things sinful and iniquitous. Little did they dream that when they saw Him borne away and placed in a tomb with a great stone rolled before the entrance that this same crucified Galilean would come forth a conqueror over death, hell, and the grave, to rule as King Eternal for ever and ever. Little did primitive enemies of Christianity imagine that those poor and illiterate followers of Christ were possessed of an unquenchable flame of holy zeal for a holy cause that would spread and spread like the burnings of a great forest fire until the whole world was ablaze with it.

The pagan Greeks and Romans saw not that the little tide of Christian influence flowing from Jerusalem would rise and widen and deepen and hasten until in its mighty sweep it would finally carry all the strongholds of their religions and philosophies and governments before it in awful and appalling wreckage.

Humble and insignificant in its origin and belittled by men, the religion of Jesus Christ has grown and developed and expanded as down through the centuries it has come, overwhelming everything that has dared to oppose it, from the

paganism of the ancient world, and the darkness and superstition of the middle ages, to the skepticism and infidelity of modern times.

Well indeed could Julian the Apostate cry, "Thou Galilean, hast conquered." Coming to the throne of the Roman Empire in 354 A. D., he was resolved that paganism was as good as Christianity, and thus did everything possible to revive the old system. Recognizing some things as essentially good in Christianity, he tried to incorporate them into paganism. He encouraged looking after the poor and needy, caused the pagan priests to preach to the people, provided hospitals for the sick, and homes for the destitute and orphans, gave alms, and indulged in many other Christian-like practises, thinking that by so doing paganism should survive and live forever. The Christians, he persecuted and afflicted in every way possible. He left not a block unturned in his effort to stop Christianity in its progress. But all failed.

Julian was like a man who resolves to do battle with the sun. Arising before it and throwing down his gauntlet of defiance, he marches boldly toward its burning face with brazen shield and flashing sword. But while he is still afar off he withers and melts and effervesces in a tiny volume of vapor, while the big sun smiles and burns on.

And why has Christianity been so invincible? Why have old religions and systems of morals and kingdoms and empires gone down before it?

Simply for this reason: Christianity is *truth*. It is vain to oppose the truth. Falsehood, superstition, and idolatry cannot stand before the truth.

Christianity is the religion of God. It is absolute and infallible. Its doctrines proceed from the heart of divinity. It bears a sword that pierces even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and discerns the thoughts and intents of the heart. Christianity does not consist of a system of lies and subterfuges and false inferences and superficialities. Its seat is in the rock bottom of the human soul. It ignores the dictates of man's fallen intellect,—does not attempt to appeal to perverted reason. It gets at the source of human troubles and does not split hairs and parley with absurdities. Christianity lays the ax at the root of the tree.

No man has ever been able to stand unmoved by its preaching or unabashed by its revelations. Its thrusts are irresistible. It locates men just where they live.

Before the vile, voluptuous Felix, ruler of Judea, Christianity, in the person of St. Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgments to come. Felix, perhaps, had never been touched at heart before. He was a pagan Roman and worshiped in pagan shrines. He had never before been exposed to the white lights of Eternal Truth. Now he trembled. Something had entered into the quick of his being and was discerning the thoughts and the intents of his heart, thoughts and

intents which were exceedingly black and sinful. He beheld in St. Paul, that stunted little Jewish prisoner, an eye that looked into the inmost depths of his soul. Felix was a murderer. He had hired assassins to kill Jonathan, a Jewish high priest, right in the temple of God. He was an adulterer. He had lured Drusilla away from her lawful husband that he might satiate his lustful passions. Of him Tacitus said that "in the practice of all kinds of lust and cruelty he had the power of a king and the temper of a slave." Like a monster he had lived and ruled, and that unimpeached by his false religion. Felix had little to fear from the moral judgments of a religion based on error and made adjustable to human passions and impulses. But now face to face with an apostle of Christ's religion, with its white lights and two-edged sword of uncompromising truth, he quaked in guilt and fear.

Thus many such men have trembled at the reasonings of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come which Christianity involves.

These are fundamentals. Christianity defines righteousness and sin. It catalogs and tabulates vices and virtues without equivocation. It leaves nothing in the dark and provides no excuse for iniquity. It marks out a moral way of living so plain that a fool need not err therein.

Its dictates to mankind are unobscure and unerring. Its front is bold and unapologetic. It reasons unabashed before kings and councils on

the eternal principles of morality and justice. To-day Christianity faces the whole world demanding righteous judgment in its peace councils. It will not countenance selfish, underhanded compacts and treaties, and abjures the antiquated and traditional etiquette of the old world's rotten politics. Christianity demands a new scheme entirely, and it is not at all supercilious in politeness as to the manner in which it proposes to bring it about.

And it will succeed because it is right. It cannot do otherwise. With it, *right* is *might*. It can no more fail than God can fail. Let the enemies of Christianity take warning, and sheath their swords. Why wait until, vanquished and dying on the battle-field, they are forced to cry with Julian the Apostate, "Thou Galilean hast conquered."

SERMON II

CHRISTIANITY TRIUMPHANT *

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever" (Rev. 11:15).

N a former sermon I discussed the triumphant career of Christianity throughout the ages. We saw that though insignificant and obscure in origin, it grew and expanded and increased until it well-nigh filled the earth, overwhelming in its progress the paganism and idolatry of the ancient world and, sweeping on down through the centuries like a mighty flood, carrying away with terrific crash and tumult the superstition and ignorance of the Dark Ages. We saw that still increasing and expanding, it now faces the twentieth century and its tremendous problems with the undaunted spirit of a mighty conqueror.

The demands of Christianity upon the world which still resists it at heart, are *"unconditional surrender."* Christianity will not compromise. It will not dicker or parley. It is looking for no

*Bound Brook, N. J., May 4, 1919.

partial concessions and will not countenance the intrigues of unscrupulous diplomacy. It never has given any quarter to its enemies and never will. In its declaration to the world, Christianity has not submitted "fourteen points," but two, or, we might say, one—namely: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself"; and it never will cease its militancy against the world until the world submits unconditionally, and every man and woman and child in it names the name of Jesus Christ in fear and trembling and bows the knee in devotion before Him.

You will remember that we attributed the success of Christianity in the world to its character. *Christianity is the religion of God.* Its doctrines emanate from the very seat of divinity. It is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is the expression of the absolute, is unwavering, unbending, non-conceding. It embodies the unyielding principles of omniscient justice and eternal righteousness. Christianity proceeds from Him who dwells in light which no man can approach unto—the light of infinite Wisdom and Holiness.

How can it fail? What can ever withstand its onslaughts? Let its enemies rise against it, millions upon millions; let them build mighty bulwarks and entrench themselves; let them invent great engines of destruction; and Christianity un-

abashed and unimpeded, will override them all, crushing them to death. Yea, it is its character that makes Christianity invincible. As God is invincible; so is Christianity.

But I would not picture Christianity before you as a great, inhuman, brutal force that moves over the world like a glacier in the process of destruction. Christianity is not cruel, no more cruel than Justice. In fact it is a great deal less cruel than Justice. It aims only at the glory of God and the good of man. It does not hate mankind; it hates sin, and wherever men have gone down beneath it, it was because they have clung wilfully and voluntarily to sin, regardless of warning and their better judgment. Christianity is foresworn to purge the world of all sin and filthiness that it may become a fit abode for redeemed mankind to live in. But never has it failed to give its alarms. From the mouths of thousands of its preachers and from the pages of thousands upon thousands of its books, the Bible especially, has it sounded forth its warnings, so that those who are damned are inexcusable. It is thus a savor of life unto life and of death unto death—life to those who believe and take heed, and death to those who do not. Men have ever sunk into a hell they would not shun "with the rainbow of mercy gilding their vision and the waters of salvation purling in their ears."

No, Christianity is *merciful.* Though it is just and truthful and uncompromising, it is merciful.

Its mission is identical with that of its Founder. Christ came to save the world. That is exactly what Christianity is doing. Christ came to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. And so if Christianity has crushed paganism and superstition, if it has caused revolution and upturned thrones, though in the meantime it has been destroying sin and the sinner alike, it has done so only in the grand fulfilment of its mission. The Gospel has been preached to the poor, the broken-hearted have been healed, captives have been delivered, the blind have received their sight, the bruised have been liberated.

Christianity in this has done what no other religion or philosophy could do. And herein lies the greatest secret of its success. *It has appealed to humanity.* It has touched men's inmost beings. It has not been a religion of mere theory; it has been wonderfully real and practical. It has gone to the very source of the world's trouble. It has struck the root of all misery,—sin. It has brought joy to the hearts of men—joy to the hearts of those who need it most. It has been a religion for the common people, for the poor and outcast and imprisoned. It has gone right into the hovel of the pauper, and the cell of the prisoner. It has sought the bed of the dying and the gutter of the outcast. It has avoided no place of obscurity and

loneliness. It has been a light streaming with cheer and hope into the most dismal abodes of mankind. Its touch has been felt where no prince would condescend to go, bringing new life and gladness. There are reasons why Christianity has succeeded.

For those who have sought it, it has proved a healing balm, a fragrant breeze, a fountain of life, a rising sun. It has been the morning star and the day-break for millions that sat in darkness. It has provided for helpless humanity a Friend and a Counsellor and a Physician. It has wiped away tears and soothed aching hearts. It has taken away from men their heavy burdens of guilt and caused them to mount up as on the wings of eagles. It has delivered them from shame and endowed them with glory. It has given joy in the place of sadness and laughing in place of mourning. It has led beside still waters and in green pastures. It has restored the soul and filled the cup to overflowing.

Christianity has made men oblivious of vicious surroundings and caused them to forget hunger and cold. It has made of the dungeon a Holy of Holies, of the burning stake a chariot of fire. It has given fearful, timid men the valiant hearts of lions. It has caused faltering tongues to speak boldly and emphatically before counsels and kings. It has made barbaric brutes as wise as serpents and harmless as doves. It has made abnormal natures normal, equalized and tempered the passions, and brought home alienated affections. It

has re-enthroned reason where it had been cast down. It has delivered drunkards and drug-fiends, and re-united broken families.

These things Christianity has done for individuals. For the nations at large it has brought enlightenment, civilization, and culture. By means of its great revivals of morals and integrity it has repeatedly saved them from the total destruction which has threatened them because of their iniquity. It has been the one and only redeeming power for good in all the world.

Aye, there are reasons why Christianity succeeds,—reasons as obvious as daylight. Will anybody deny them? No, all the world must acknowledge its glory and acclaim its triumph!

SERMON III

GOD KNOWS WHAT HE IS DOING*

"Father, glorify thy name. Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again" (John 12:28).

ORE and more God is forcing His standards of justice and truth on the world. About it His line of encroachment is fast drawing closer and closer. He has His purpose to fulfill with regard to it, and His purpose will be carried out. When we pray the Lord's prayer saying, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," we assume that God has a will, or plan concerning the earth. This is true. God has willed certain things in regard to this earth; and you can take it for granted that He does not will things in vain. His plans will be fulfilled at any price whatsoever. In order to accomplish them, He would, if necessary, upset the whole universe. God's mind never changes. He does not decide upon one thing today and change His mind the next day. He is not in the least like man,

*Bound Brook, N. J., May 6, 1917.

irresolute and fickle. Nor is He impulsive and presumptuous. He does not go about things in a fitful manner.

God follows a line of procedure that is as straight as a ray of light traversing the abyss of space. If you could follow His path through time, you would not find it running in a zigzag and uncertain course like that of a man wandering in the woods. You would not see as you proceeded any sudden turning in the trail and say, "Here, God decided to change His course," or, "Here, He found He was running into a swamp and had to make a detour," or, "Here, He scented an enemy and had to beat a retreat." And if you should happen to come upon God Himself, you would never see Him hunting His directions or pondering in perplexity. No indeed! through all ages the path of God is as straight as a plumb-line, and as emblazoned and certain as the track of the very old sun himself.

I once watched a little insect crawling about on the floor. His field of activity seemed totally limited to a space about a foot in diameter. In this he ran and started and stopped and veered and turned and wheeled and zigzaged and spun until you would have thought his head was swimming. He seemed intent first on going in this direction, then in that; and as he continued to intercept his own paths, making them a veritable network of design, I got tired and said to myself, "It is time to watch something more intelligent." Soon afterwards I observed a dog trotting down

the street as business-like as any man ever goes to his office in the morning. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, and neither hastened nor slackened his speed. Of course he trotted a little sidewise as most dogs do, but he nevertheless seemed intent on going somewhere. I wondered where in the world the dog thought he was going. Thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that his purpose could not be a very big one —nothing more, perhaps, than a bone or a piece of meat which he knew he could find at a certain place.

The first incident I mentioned illustrates insect purpose and plan; the second, dog purpose and plan. To conclude my observations, I noted two human beings proceeding along in a certain direction. One was a chubby little boy with short legs. I decided by the direction he was going and the time of day that he was on his way to church, but could plainly see from the expression on his face and the swing of his body that it would not take much to change his course. As for the man, he showed no undivided purpose whatever. Yet I knew very well that it was only a matter of momentary impulse with the man to go to church, and that a change of plan for him would not be an extraordinary thing.

Now, this may serve to illustrate the gradation of will and purpose from insect to man. Let us now consider again the will and purpose of God. What is God's purpose? In what direc-

tion is He going? Is there any one who can discover the plans of Almighty God? The text states both the significance of the past and that of the future as far as His plans for this world are concerned. *"I have both glorified it (that is, His name), and will glorify it."* Jesus had just prayed, "Father, glorify thy name," and after thus praying there came the answer above stated, uttered by the voice of Omnipotence. I am convinced that not one jot or tittle of God's Word will go unfulfilled. God will get glory out of this world if He has to wreck it to do so. He started six thousand years ago, and if you will study history, you will see that empires and civilizations have risen and fallen *but for His glory.* Though vaunting themselves in the glory of their growth and expansion, they have all expired lisping the name of God.

I call your attention to a special empire that grew and expanded and spread itself in pride of dominion. To such heights of imperial glory the kings of no other nation ever ascended. Babylon at its best marked the zenith of human achievements and power. No such city has ever existed before or since. About its massive walls 350 feet high four chariots could easily drive abreast. The glow of its gold-emblazoned temple could be seen for a hundred miles. The names of its kings were pronounced in fear and trembling by nearly every race of people under the sun.

Wherefore, old Nebuchadnezzar, king of Baby-

lon, lifted up his head in pride and said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" From childhood you have known the story of this great monarch, how he was suddenly made to crawl on his hands and knees and to eat grass like an ox. Seven long years passed over his head, and he became as hairy and as beastly as a grizzly bear. At the end of that time, reason once more enthroned in his head, and he himself once more enthroned in his regal palace, he was ready to say in all meekness and humility, "Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment: and those that walk in pride he is able to abase."

Has not God sworn that no flesh should glory in His presence? If God's name is to be glorified in the earth, well may you know that neither your name nor anybody else's will be glorified beside it. And I say to you, Beware, if you imagine that by your great deeds and accomplishments, you will reap any but transient glory.

Notwithstanding the lesson learned by the great king Nebuchadnezzar, his grandson, Belshazzar assumed glory to himself also. A second stroke of God's judgment on any nation or people is a thing to be feared. The first may come in warning only; the second may come as total destruction. In this the straightness and design of God's plan through history is wonderfully plain.

Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before them. Here was a scene never to be forgotten. In his royal palace gathered the elite of the Babylonian empire,—lords, ladies, dukes, princes, men of letters, great generals, social leaders, clergymen of the king's pulpits, artists, architects, sculptors, reformers, yea, all that a great civilization could boast of.

Cast your eye over that glittering assembly. See the noble heads and fine physiques, the beautiful array of evening suits and gowns, the flashing jewels, the white shoes and stockings, the low-necked dresses, and the bare arms! Hear the music as the graceful couples swing off in an orgy of dance. Catch the hum of their voices. See the vermillion on their cheeks as the wine begins to glow in their systems. Note the low darting flames of passion beginning to leap from their eyes. Watch the great monarch himself lolling on his kingly couch half drunk as he watches the grand spectacle with sensuous delight. See the very old devil himself with his whole coterie of assistants from hell mingling with the guests! Did the world ever see a grander sight?

But look! On the wall a hand writes, "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN." Behold, the whirr of the dance suddenly stops. Clinking glasses rest untouched before the lips. The whole assembly is petrified. Belshazzar's face shows consternation. His knees smite together, and he

cries, "Bring in the astrologers and the wise men and the preachers and the college professors, and let them show the interpretation thereof!"

Then were the astrologers, and the wise men, and the preachers, and the college professors brought in—and confounded. A deep and terrible silence reigned. But at last a man appeared on the scene who could read the writing on the wall. It took God's man. God's man was Daniel. In every age there has been a man or a people who could interpret the hand-writing on the wall, *someone who could discern the grand design and purpose of God in the midst of human turmoil and confusion.* Daniel knew well to what destiny old Babylon and its haughty kings had been assigned by the Almighty, and he was not unprepared to state the significance of any event connected with its history. Thus he interpreted: "Mene; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Tekel; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Peres; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

At that very moment the armies of Darius were making entrance into Babylon through the bed of the River Euphrates which they had turned from its course. Belshazzar the king was slain, and the great and glorious kingdom of the Chaldeans was no more.

Thus goes the story of Belshazzar, and the divine pupose of God therein is not hard to find.

In the destruction of wicked Babylon, God's name was glorified.

Shall we stop to hunt His purpose in the history of today? It is not hard to find. Were there a Daniel in the world to read the hand-writing on the wall, he would say that sin had been weighed in the balances and found wanting; that hypocrisy, yea, militarism and the reign of antiquated aristocracy have been weighed in the balances and found wanting.

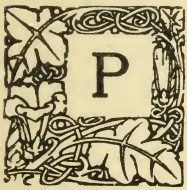
God has risen mightily to shake the earth; and no person who reads His word can be the least confused as to the signs of the times. The goal of a reckless and rampant world is clearly becoming visible. The world is fast nearing her divinely appointed destiny. She chose wickedness, and she shall have destruction.

But thanks be to God, out of her ruins will come a new and glorious world in which Christ shall reign and His saints shall dwell. Then shall we look back and see more plainly than ever the hand of God in all things.

SERMON IV*

THE FIRST MEETING OF PAUL AND JESUS SUDDEN, UNCEREMONIOUS, AND VIOLENT

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day" (2 Tim. 1:12).



AUL'S religion was not a guess work. He *knew* whom he had believed. He was not following the traditions of men. He was not a Christian because his parents were, or because he lived in a Christian community. In fact his parents were not Christians, and he was not brought up, nor did he ever live in a Christian community. If anything, his parentage and bringing up were not conducive to Christianity. They were rather antagonistic to it. Paul was really educated against Christianity and was taught to spurn it. If he had followed the ordinary route of persons of his birth and education, he would have been a most zealous persecutor of Christianity. And, to be sure, he was once a persecutor,

*Bound Brook, N. J., April 14, 1918.

and, as he says, a blasphemer. His religious impulses and prejudices drove him directly contrarywise to Christianity, and he was at heart a staunch enemy of it.

But somehow or other, Paul made an acquaintance which revolutionized his life, causing him to abandon his old ways of thinking, with his preconceived and traditionary ideas. He made an acquaintance that completely smashed up his old sentiments and ideals, and turned him right-about face. Paul had a sudden and unexpected disillusionment,—so strong and overwhelming a disillusionment, that it actually blinded his natural eyes and struck him down to the earth like a dead man.

On the road to Damascus, Paul met Jesus Christ. In Damascus he was expecting to find Christians whom he intended to chain and drag to Jerusalem to be imprisoned and put to death. His parentage and education and mentality were just such as to qualify him for this business, and, indeed, to make him fit for nothing else. But like Balaam and his ass, Paul suddenly met an obstacle; only he met it much harder than Balaam did his—so hard that Saul of Tarsus was completely wrecked. The old persecutor, the old Pharisee, the old blasphemer, was shattered to pieces, and never again were the pieces gathered up—except as remnants of what once was, to be looked at.

Did you ever meet with a sudden, stunning accident? Did thunder ever clap out of a clear sky

for you? Did you ever pick yourself up wondering what had happened to you? If so, you have a slight idea of what happened to Paul. Proceeding on his mule or horse on a bright, sunny day, escorted by his accomplices and servants, Saul of Tarsus, about noontide, near unto Damascus, was suddenly knocked down and blinded by some unseen power. But he was not deprived of his wits. On the contrary, he seems for the first time in his life to have the proper use of them,—in one respect, anyway.

Who knocked him down and blinded him? Who was so blunt and unceremonious? Who thus came upon Saul of Tarsus with such overwhelming force, prostrating him on the earth? Would you believe that Jesus ever introduces Himself in such a ruthless manner? Does He not rather come gently and delicately, like a soft breeze from Elysium, greeting graciously? Sometimes, but not on this occasion. On this occasion He came down upon Saul of Tarsus like a simoon of the desert, like the Euroclydon of the Mediterranean, wrecking and shattering his new acquaintances to pieces; meanwhile speaking in no friendly terms, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Of course, Paul wanted to know who this was who so treated him, and so he said, "Who art thou, Lord?" Note that he addressed Him as "Lord," and not as "Stranger," or "Friend." Saul of Tarsus knew that he was face to face with no ordinary person

and that whoever he was, he deserved to be addressed as "Lord."

Now came the answer, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Ah! what a surprising disclosure of identity! "I am *Jesus* whom thou persecutest! Yes, the selfsame Nazarene, the selfsame *Galilean impostor,* the selfsame *crucified blasphemer!* He whom thou goest about to search and hunt out and imprison and kill! I am Jesus whom thou persecutest, the lowly Nazarene! I am the Christ of Stephen the martyr! I am the one whom Stephen saw sitting at the right hand of the Father, whilst thou didst stand by and hold the garments of them who stoned him! I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God!" What an astounding revelation to Saul of Tarsus! No wonder that after this interview he went off into the desert of Arabia and stayed three years. No wonder that he knew afterwards in whom he had believed.

Saul of Tarsus received a grand commission. No longer was he to be the persecutor of the Christians, the blood-hound of murder on their track, but a chief Apostle and advocate among them, an ambassador for the King of heaven, a servant of the most High.

This was a sudden change of business, was it not? It was a total right-about facing, and meant, so far as possible, an undoing of all he had been doing before. Previously his business was to destroy Christianity even by the death of its followers, now he was to promote it, even by his own.

"I know in whom I have believed." Would you wonder that Paul knew Jesus Christ after an experience of that kind? Forty times forty years could pass over the head of that old apostle and he would never forget the face of Him whose image was so impressed upon his mind and heart on the way to Damascus! Nor was that the last time he met Jesus of Nazareth. Ever and anon, this same Jesus appeared to Paul to renew and strengthen the acquaintance, but never again as at the first time. Thereafter, he came to Paul as his Prophet, Priest, and King, his never failing Friend, his Savior and all-sufficient God. Paul, you remember, was obedient to the heavenly calling, and purchased for himself all that Christ and heaven could give.

The acquaintance was strengthened. When Paul was stoned, Jesus of Nazareth was there. When he was imprisoned, Jesus of Nazareth was there. When he was in shipwreck, Jesus of Nazareth was there. When Paul was beheaded, Jesus of Nazareth was there.

"I know in whom I have believed." Can you imagine the thrill that Paul felt when he made that statement? Nearly forty years had gone since he first got acquainted with Jesus of Nazareth. It was a thrill of love and joy. Jesus and Paul knew each other.

There are two inferences, I think, which we can draw from Paul's experiences on the road to Damascus. In the first place, no milder or more

gentle introduction of Jesus to Paul could ever have sufficed to revolutionize his life. Nothing short of a cataclysm or what might be called a catastrophe, could have destroyed his old false sentiments and ideas. They had to be shattered to pieces, or Saul of Tarsus would never have become Paul the Apostle. Need we sometimes wonder why God uses such severe means to bring us to our senses? Nothing short of dire catastrophe could ever break up Germany's false ideas and liberate the people from delusion. England, France, and America will profit by the shaking up they have had. We shall all see new and better things when all is over. Nations will then wonder how they possibly could have continued so long as they once were.

The world today is meeting Jesus Christ as Saul of Tarsus did on the way to Damascus, and as soon as it cries out, "Who art thou, Lord?," the astounding answer will come, "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom ye have been rejecting and persecuting—Jesus of Nazareth whom ye have repeatedly put to death by your unbelief and sin."

Thousands of individuals today in their bereavement and trouble are meeting Jesus Christ. Oh, that they would call out, "Who art thou, Lord?," and that both they and the whole world would then be faithful to the heavenly calling! A great revolution would take place in the hearts of men, and in society. Revivals of religion

would spring up all over the world, and men would get converted.

The second inference and the burden of the text is this: when once a person meets Christ as Paul did, he knows Him; he remembers Him. He knows in whom he has believed. Doubts, unbelief, and skepticism fly to the four winds when once a person makes a definite acquaintance with Jesus Christ—and such an acquaintance, in many instances, can be made only through trouble and catastrophe. If the world actually meets Jesus in troubles and conflicts, it will be a long time before unbelief and skepticism will be brazen. If individuals find Christ, either through bereavement and sorrow at home, or in peril in the trenches, they will know in whom they have believed,—and they will not soon be shaken in their faith.

SERMON V

PIOUS CHRIST-HATERS, THIEVES, AND ROBBERS

"They hated me" (John 15:25).

ILL anybody tell me why the world does not accept Jesus? Men profess to believe in God and love and truth and righteousness, but somehow they do not think much of Jesus. In fact, while professing to believe in God and all divine virtues, many actually hate Jesus.

Am I wrong or am I right? Someone answers, "you are wrong; we hear the name of Jesus pronounced with reverence everywhere these days. Why our pastor just mentioned the name of Jesus this morning, and did you not see in the New York papers this week whole pages with the name of Jesus on them, advertising mercy and love? And just think of the societies and churches that are named after Jesus these days! There are the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and the Christian Endeavor, and oh, just lots of them!"

Yes, I am aware of this, and I assure you that I do not discredit anything good that is done in the name of Jesus Christ. But I am nevertheless of the opinion that the same Christ who was hated two thousand years ago is hated in like manner today. It is easy to pronounce the name of Jesus, and to say, "Lord, Lord!" but I am told in the Bible of certain people who shall have been eloquent in doing this and yet shall have merited the damnation of the wicked. Not all who say, "Lord, Lord!" shall enter into the kingdom of God.

I maintain that people can pronounce the name of Jesus every breath and name all of their philanthropic institutions after Him, and still hate Him at heart.

As long as Jesus stands for mercy, truth, love, kindness, benevolence, and the like in people's minds, He is an ideal creature. But if that is all that they think of when they think of Jesus, why any Jesus at all? God stands for all these things also. Through all ages God has been thought of as the embodiment of truth, love, justice, benevolence, and so forth. What need is there then for Jesus?

I will admit that to a certain degree many people try to be consistent in the matter, and so call themselves Unitarians, Christian Scientists, New Thoughtists, and the like, thus showing that they do not believe in Christ as the actual, divine Son of God.

But we have a great many more Unitarians

and their kind about us than is generally imagined. Ex-President Taft has told us only too truthfully that the great majority of church members today are Unitarians in reality, though they profess to be otherwise,—i. e., Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, etc. The only difference is that they perhaps do not know that they are Unitarians or call themselves such and the Unitarians know they are Unitarians and call themselves such. Which is the worse?

Now, none of these people avowedly abjure the name of Jesus. On the contrary, they actually call themselves Christians and formally respect His person. They will not tell you that they do not believe in Jesus, much less that they hate Him. But nevertheless they do not believe in Him *and they do actually hate Him.* I say that a final test of their regard for Christ would prove they hate Him. If they are not for Him—for Him entirely —they are against Him; and if they are against Him, they are His enemies; and if they are His enemies, they surely must hate Him. Jesus said, "He that is not for me is against me." He also said that no man can serve two masters, in that he will hate the one and love the other; or else hold to one and despise the other. The masters here referred to are Christ and the devil. There is no neutral ground in this religious matter; men are either for Christ or against Him.

But they do not realize this. They imagine they can accept Him partially. They accept Him

as all right so long as He stands for mere goodness, or divine virtues. The world will bow the knee to Him as a representative of righteousness; *but just you stretch Him out on the cross between two thieves and herald Him as the lamb slain, declaring that only through His blood there is remission from sin and access to God, and the world will turn its face away in contempt.*

"Oh, that ugly doctrine of the 'blood'. That foolish story of the cross! To think that men cannot become righteous and approach nigh unto God without the blood of Jesus! Abominable absurdity!" So say the Christian Scientists; so say the New Thoughtists; so say the Unitarians; and so believes most everybody! "How beautiful the story of Jesus would be if it were not for *that awful part about the blood!* To imagine that man is so low down that he can not be raised except by the cross, that he is so dirty that nothing but the blood of Jesus will cleanse him, that unless He deliberately repudiates all self-righteousness and washes in that crimson stream, he will be damned! Avaunt with such a Christ!" Thus is contra-distinction to St. Paul, the world would know Christ, but not Christ crucified. (See 1 Cor. 2:2.)

There is no Christ but the crucified Christ. If the cross is not the emblem of your righteousness, you have no righteousness. If it is not through the blood that you claim purity, you are indeed filthy. If you are striving to enter the fold any other way than through Jesus, who is the door,

you are a thief and a robber. Any religion that repudiates the blood is a religion of thieves and robbers.

Think for a moment of the thieves and robbers that fill our places of worship tonight. Perhaps some of them have never stolen anything in the literal sense of the word. Sly, sneaking, bloody-handed thieves, they are not. Nay, they are model characters of culture and refinement. Perhaps they would not even think of coveting their neighbor's goods, let alone stealing them. They are people who can discourse eloquently on virtue, and love, and mercy, and truth, and the like, and are apparently loyal to such But nevertheless they are confirmed robbers, and thieves.

Beside these people, in the sight of God, the self-confessed highwaymen, or bank looter, is innocent. I speak of the men and women who are climbing over the fence and are trying to get to God without going by the way of Jesus Christ,—those self-righteous Pharisees and hypocrites who attempt to rob Almighty God of His holiness, and virtue, without repentance and faith in the blood of Jesus. These are the criminals! The world is full of them,—people who will not go the humble way of the cross, and are too good to be washed in the blood. These are Unitarians, Christian Scientists, New Thoughtists, and fallen Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians and Episcopalians, etc., who claim to be virtuous and godly Christians without eating the flesh and

drinking the blood of Jesus Christ. (See John 6:53.)

There is a popular religion of culture abroad in the land today. It is a beautiful religion, too, and it gives its votaries an air of true piety. They have it in New York City where I recently heard a great minister, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, who occupies the pulpit in which Henry Ward Beecher once preached, say that we no longer need the story of the cross with its crucified Christ for our salvation. He declared that salvation through the blood is a by-gone phase of Christianity, and that evolution is all we need.

Dr. Hillis' audience was apparently much pleased with this sermon. But grieved and indignant, I went up to the doctor after the service was over and told him that, his position being maintained, he would have to account for that sermon before the same audience some day in hell.

And I was right if the Bible is true. Paul preached Christ crucified, and to the Galatians he said, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." If Dr. Hillis is preaching anything else, will he not be accursed?

The book of Revelation shows specifically that redemption comes only through the blood of Jesus. (See chapters 7:14; 12:11.) If Dr. Hillis or any other person shall take away from or add to the words of the book of this prophecy, will not God

take away his part out of the book of life and add to him the plagues that are written in this book? (See Rev. 22:18, 19.)

I repeat it: the world hates Jesus Christ. If He were to visit the people of America and Europe today in the same manner that He visited the people of olden times, He would receive the same treatment that He got then: that is, He would be brought to judgment, scourged, mocked at, and crucified in scorn and derision.

SERMON VI

THE REAL CHRIST AND THE MODERN CHRIST*

T probably never occurred to you that there are two Christs (supposedly the same person) acknowledged in the world today: The *real* Christ and the *modern* Christ; the former being much less known and honored than the latter, though the latter is taken for the former a great deal of the time. I speak of Christ now as He exists in people's minds, as you, of course, know that in reality there can be no such thing as a *modern* Christ, as distinct from the *real* Christ. Christ is one and the same, "yesterday, and today, and forever." But in people's minds, at least, the real Christ of yesterday, or to put it specifically, the Divine Son of God, the crucified Savior, the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world, is not the Christ of today. Among the masses of society, church, and university people Christ is better known today merely as a great reformer and benefactor of the human race, possessing little if any more of the

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divine in Him than any ordinary man, His death on the cross having no significance whatever in the redemption of man—no more than yours or mine would.

I wish to present to your minds a fair representative of both the religious and educational circles of today on this subject. The man is an old, gray-headed professor in one of the largest universities of America. He has a very kindly countenance, and is most pleasant and affable as a teacher. For some years he was a preacher in the Presbyterian church, having been graduated, I believe, from Union Theological Seminary. During his lectures he quotes scripture extensively, and his moral influence on his classes is profound. He is deeply respected by the students, and seems to be the very embodiment of refinement, intellectuality, and piety. It is the views of such a man concerning Jesus Christ that I wish to give you. I was one of his students.

We were discussing one day the progress of the world today toward democracy, liberty, justice, and the like, and the professor remarked that, contrary to the past, we now attribute the general progress of mankind, not to any supernatural or divine power, working upon or through the world, but to *evolution.* Evolution assumes that man came from a monkey or something worse, and that for ages he has been evolving through various higher stages of animal forms until he has become what he is at present. Each successive stage of

development has found man a more enlightened, refined, and pious creature. If he continues to evolve, he may some day become a god.

I said to the professor: "Professor, you do not then attribute the progress of civilization to Christianity?" He answered, "No, we attribute Christianity to evolution. Christ was the most advanced or farthest developed man of His time, but He did not come as a divine being clothed in flesh and blood, any more than other men of His or other times." "You would say then, Professor, that His great revolutionary ideals and reformatory principles were not the revelation of God Almighty to man?" "No more," answered the professor, "than the revolutionary and reformatory ideals of any other human being." The *divine* is in everybody, he said, but admitted that Christ had a greater portion than others of His time. I said, "Professor, then your theory does away with Christ as the redeemer of the world, and the Savior of man?" "No," he answered, and added, whipping the devil around the stump, "what would the world have done, and how would it have progressed without Christ—and Socrates, and Washington, Lincoln, etc.?"

Now, my friends, you see that Christ as the only begotten Son of God, the redeemer of the world, the Savior of mankind, according to this well-known professor, and the circle he represents, does not exist. You see that Christ (the "Mod-

ern Christ") was only a great man, a little farther evolved from the monkey than the rest of the men of His time, and that as the actual hope of mankind, the Savior of the world, He is no more than you or I.

You may question this man's being a representative of the people I have indicated. But I declare to you that he is mild and pious in his atfessors, some of whom are teaching in so-called fessors, and some of them teaching in so-called theological schools. Even Methodism today vaunts itself in its atheistic progress. Some of the men teaching theology or religion are far worse than Tom Paine was in his day. Congregationalism has adopted a belief in evolution with the Unitarians in New England, and the Unitarians deny the divinity of Christ and redemption through the blood. It has been said that many of the young men graduated from Princeton Theological School deny the actual divinity of Christ.

Let us face the facts. I say that this is the most two-faced and inconsistent of all ages. Why build churches in the name of a Christ who is rejected and disbelieved? Why call ourselves a Christian nation, if we believe that all that is good came through evolution? Why not call ourselves a Darwinian [the father of evolution] nation? Why not raise up churches to Socrates, or to Voltaire, who was both a skeptic and a reformer? Why not change the Lord's prayer—if men insist in using it in this age of evolution

—to, "Our father which wast a monkey?"

You can mark it that just for this damnable hypocrisy, this most blatant of inconsistencies, this brazen, bald, horned, two-facedness God's wrath is threatening America. "I am God," He says, "and there is none other," "To whom will ye like God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?" Will you make the Divine Son of God like unto Socrates or Voltaire or Abraham Lincoln or Bob Ingersoll? Let me say to you that all flesh is as grass, and as grass shall wither away, but the word of our God shall stand forever.

And pray what is the word of God? It is the "Old Book" the identical Book out of which these infidel preachers are getting their texts, out of which unbelieving college professors are quoting scripture. And that very same Book declares that the Word is nothing more than the Lord Jesus Christ. If so, and Christ has been done away with, why not the Book? If only these preachers would be consistent, the precepts of Socrates, the writings of Voltaire, and Darwin's literature on evolution would lie on their pulpits rather than the Bible.

I would have you tell me what you have left of the Bible when you take Jesus Christ out of it. He is the one theme of that holy Book from Genesis to Revelation. Every index-finger in it, be it in Old Testament or New, points to Jesus Christ. Every tongue that spoke, every hand that wrote, consciously or unconsciously, did it for

Christ. The Old Testament, with its sacrifices and blood, its slaying of whole herds of bulls and goats and sheep throughout fifteen centuries led directly to the Christ of Calvary, the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world. And the New Testament declares in a thousand ways that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. And the Bible means what it says. John 3:16 says, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in *him* should not perish, but have everlasting life." It does not say that God so loved the world that He gave Socrates, Mohammed, Voltaire, Darwin, Bob Ingersoll, *that whosoever should believe on them, and evolution, should inherit eternal life.*

You can be assured that if anyone inherits eternal life and some time takes his stand with that great multitude of the redeemed on the sea of glass he will have washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. He will never get there any other way, whoever he may be,—Methodist, Presbyterian, Mormon, Catholic, professor of theology, minister, doctor, president, ditch digger, black or white, red or yellow—there is no other way. If a man ever gets to heaven he will have to take that lone way of the cross that leads to dismal, rock-ribbed Calvary; he will have to climb its rugged sides, and cast himself down as a humble penitent sinner before that hated cross with the crucified Christ, and he will have to wash

his heart and his hands and his robes in that fountain of blood that flows from His side.

Oh, too late will the people know it! After the fountain has ceased to flow, and the gates of mercy are closed and barred forever, and the last day of salvation has changed into the night of despair, then will the people call upon the sacred name of Christ! But to no avail! Ignored, finding their prayers striking them back from a brazen heaven, they will cry for the rocks and the hills to fall upon them. Then will the conquering Christ appear seated on His throne of judgment, and every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that He is the Son of God.

It is only too true, that the moment you deny to Christ the redemptive power of the world and lose faith in His blood, you burn the bridge that connects earth to heaven for you. You cut the rope that keeps you from dropping into the bottomless abyss of hell. You set sail on an angry, turbulent sea of destruction without a chart, compass, or captain. The moment you deny the *real* Christ in favor of a *modern* Christ you commit spiritual suicide. The modern Christ is no Christ at all.

SERMON VII

HUMAN REASON AND FAITH CLASH

"Of making many books there is no end" (Eccles. 12:12).

HIS is distinctly an age of books. Intellectuality is the religion of America. Rationalism, or reason, is the guiding principle in individual and social life today. The mainstay of the world is not faith; it is philosophy. As long as religion or the Gospel of Jesus Christ coincides with reason, as long as it meets the requirements of logic, it is all right; it is admitted to the intellectual and social circles. But the moment it crosses the line of reason, religion is politely bowed out. I say politely, because, infidelity is not brutal these days, but cultured, and as some writer has said, it has a *cold, patronizing* way about it.

Voltaires and Ingersolls and Tom Paines all go piously to church these days, sing sacred hymns, and bow their heads in prayer. There was a time during the latter part of the 18th century when here in America only one out of a hundred students in some of the large universities would

acknowledge that he was a Christian. Christ was in such disrepute that even nominal Christianity was not professed. Fortunately such men as Jonathan Edwards, the Wesleys, and the early pioneer preachers came along preaching Christ with such fervor and power that there was a cataclysm among the infidel circles. The very foundations of skeptical old Princeton quaked under the preaching of Edwards, and revivals sprang up all over the country. This was a reaction against that bold, brazen-faced infidelity of the eighteenth century.

But alas! whence is the reaction coming against this diplomatic, sweetly disposed, cultured, patronizing religious infidelity, that is holding forth in the pew, pulpit, and university today? Prehaps the war may have helped some.

Recently I had an occasion to step under the roof of Union Theological Seminary, in New York. I felt my way, as it were, among its deserted-like halls, and finally found the office of a shriveled-up, blasted, seared, tobacco-exhaling professor. I asked him a few questions, holding the breath of my mortal soul the best I could until I got out. My God! I said to myself, I've been in a horrible bone-yard, a charnel house, a ghastly morgue! I have looked into the rotten mouth of hell; I have breathed its putrifying stench. Deliver me from such a school, such a tutoring place of death and hell!

Mind you that is a spot where men are sup-

posed to learn of Christ, a place from which the enlightening, reviving waters of life are supposed to flow, a place where young men are expected to become preachers of the Gospel. But alas! Christ has long been banished from the Professor's chairs; and bright, ardent young men go there to be mummified in higher criticism. I saw one of the young fellows, and there was the blue of spiritual death in his face, the stare of a corpse in his eyes.

Yet through the shadowy cloisters of the old school, the organ sends forth its reverberating strains of sacred music, and the voice of the black-cowled chaplain is heard reading the Word of God.

Why not change the name of that school and call it the Union Infidel Seminary? What else can it be? From within its walls come candidates for the pulpits of American churches—young preachers taught and made to believe that Jesus is not the Divine Son of God, that the Old Testament is more or less a book of myths, and that miracles recorded in the Bible are products of hallucination. Miracles, and other things in the Bible are not *reasonable,* you know.

Later, I had the privilege of going to a modern Protestant Church in New York City. I tried for a while to put myself in the place of some poor, starved, life-despairing mortal who might perchance come under its lofty, heavenward-pointing steeple into its supposed oracle of Jesus Christ for comfort and help. But alas! I found myself in

a tomb. With silent, death-like tread the members of the congregation stole in and took their pews. The organ played what seemed to be a dirge. The preacher sat like a specter on the platform, stiff and motionless. The three members of his choir, clothed in black gowns, sat in a darkened alcove near the organ like images of people who had long since departed this life. After some time the voices of children were heard, and a procession of little girls dressed in white surplices and appearing to imitate high mass, marched slowly across the auditorium of the church and ascended into the gallery, where they sat throughout the service.

Then the "funeral service" started. I cannot describe the loneliness and gloom that crept over me as this service passed through its various stages. I shall not dwell upon it in detail, but shall arrive straightway to the sermon. The sermon was an eloquent exposition of Greek Philosophy and Hebrew Ethics. Whether or not I heard the name of Jesus once, I do not remember. I am sure that there was no mention made of sin, nor of the atonement, nor of salvation. It was such a speech as a person would expect to hear in a college lecture hall. It was as empty and dry and beautiful as a polished conch shell on a parlor mantle-piece. No play of the emotions was seen on the faces of the listeners as the preacher poured out his erudition. They sat motionless and stared like corpses sitting upright in their coffins. The atmosphere

was gloomy, depressing, sepulchral. I felt that I could not stay in there long, and glad I was when the service ended.

Such are the services that rationalism, and so-called intellectuality are giving the people today. Perhaps, I say again, the war has changed things some; I do not know.

As I passed out of that church, I groaned deeply, and prayed, O God! if you only had this church, and could put one of your ministers in the pulpit for a while, what would happen?

Books and human reasoning, and logic are all right in their places, but when they begin to infringe and intrude upon the sacred precincts of "faith," they have not only ceased to be useful, but have become a curse. Faith and worldly reasoning can never be reconciled. The salvation of Jesus Christ can never be judged by human standards. It involves a hidden wisdom or mystery "which none of the princes of this world knew," a wisdom which, if they had known it, would have prevented them from crucifying the Lord of Glory, both two thousand years ago and now. But alas: "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him" (1 Cor. 2:14).

SERMON VIII

THE SUBLIME KNOWLEDGE, ETERNAL LIFE*

"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent" (John 17:3).

ONE DAY, as I rode on the train, I closed my eyes to the world and thought on the great subject of Life Eternal. I remembered the scripture which says that to know God and His Son Jesus Christ, is to have Life Eternal. So I thought, the definition of Eternal Life, then, if given in a dictionary, might well be simply this expression: "The state of knowing God and His Son Jesus Christ." Very good. I concluded that Eternal Life must be knowledge, and this was encouraging; for I know of nothing that I desire more than knowledge. But the knowledge implied here is a specific knowledge,—a knowledge of God. All the better, for knowledge of God is knowledge of everything; primarily, knowledge, or acquaintance with the infinite Deity, or Creator himself; secondarily, a

*Zarephath, N. J., Feb. 16, 1919.

knowledge of everything else, or the created. Knowledge of the Deity, I desired most of all.

So then, Eternal Life, which we all so much desire, and for which the whole human race inwardly groans and craves, is simply knowing God. Even now with the thought, I feel Eternal Life glowing within me, for I am conscious that through Jesus, I do have some knowledge of God! It is a priceless, ineffable knowledge!

And what is it? O ye mortals! who can say! It is an indefinable, sublime something in the heart —what shall I call it? a resplendent, celestial light that plays on my inner being? a warming, vitalizing, divine impulse that sends the blood of eternal youth coursing through my veins? a soft whisper that soothes and calms? a burst of heavenly music that enraptures? a voice that cries, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," causing me to lie prone in the spirit of worship and adoration? Yea, 'tis all these and unspeakably more!

The knowledge of God is a knowledge of the heart. It does not define God for the intellect; it is a definition for the heart. It has its seat in the inner being, and rises only to baffle the mind. It carries its possessor away from earthliness; it transcends him into heavenly places. It is a knowledge not in terms of human reasoning and logic. It is a knowledge of higher thought,— God's thought—a thing of revelation, an indefinable concept, a sublime feeling.

This knowledge is refining and illuminating.

It suggests all that is lovely and noble to the soul; and even though it baffles the mind, it nevertheless enlightens it. It is the essence of holiness, purity, love, beauty. It drives their opposites, sin, vice, hatred, ugliness, far out of the mind and heart. It finds a response in all that is aesthetic and noble in life and nature. It is akin to the integrity and refinement of a God-like character, to the beauty and mystery of a sunset, to the enchanting harmonies of an orchestra, to the loveliness and sweetness of spring with its laughing brooks, smiling flowers, buzzing bees, fragrant perfumes, warbling birds, blue skies, and snowy clouds. It breathes the fresh, pure air of unfallen Eden with its rich endowment of nature's glory and its immaculate Adam and Eve.

But it is a knowledge which does not lead astray. Its central theme is God. It worships God, not His attributes. It will not lead to a deification or exalting in worship of mere beauty, or art, or nature, or music, or culture. The true knowledge of God is like an anchor to the soul. It will not make sun worshipers of us because we love sunsets. It will not make Christ-abjuring Christian Scientists of us because we love pure thought and moral culture. It will not make heathen idolaters or creature worshipers of us because we admire beautiful things and love animals. It will not make us insane because we are given to ecstacy. It will not make ascetic monks out of us because we renounce things which are of

the earth earthy. It will not cause us to avoid things that are lowly because we love things that are sublime. It will not cause us to despise the sinner because we hate sin and love that which is holy. It will not prevent us from doing menial tasks because we idealize a state of loftiness here or hereafter.

Thus the knowledge of God, while it lifts and exalts and transcends us, also establishes and fixes us. We may be given to flights of poetic and religious fancy, but we will not be erratic or unbalanced. We may delve, under its influence, into the great mysteries of science, philosophy, and art, and yet not be carried away by any of them. We shall be anchored to the Rock of ages. Jesus Christ and His Gospel will be the background of all thought and investigation, the central figure of all the universe.

And this incomparable, transcending, ennobling knowledge of God, is Eternal Life, the life of the blessed hereafter. For this Eternal Life, because it is the very fulness of knowledge, I long. Eternal Life means introduction to the infinite God. It means that I shall spend eternity knowing and learning Him. It means that when I leave this life where I look through a glass darkly, seeing only dimly and confusedly, I shall enter into a vast universe of light where I shall see and understand clearly.

But I shall not at once or ever become all-wise. Instead, ages upon ages of progressive

enlightenment will roll before me, profuse and opulent with unfolding mysteries. Forever, eternally, I shall climb to new heights of divine revelation, always looking out upon broader vistas of knowledge, always piercing into vaster realms of profundity, ever learning more of God and His Son Jesus Christ. This is Eternal Life!

Oh! you can have your morbid world and life of mere material, earthly, and animal things! Give me the celestial world, the higher life—Eternal Life! Let me taste and enjoy it now; even now while I live, let me have Eternal Life!

SERMON IX

THE PRICELESS PRIVILEGE, OR THE EXCELLENCY*

"But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord" (Phil. 3: 7,8).

AUL was a man who, in his day, from a worldly viewpoint, had many things whereof to boast. He could probably enumerate a little longer list of such things than most of us. Taking into consideration his birth, his education, his race, his tribal relationship within that race, his class, and social standing, St. Paul was in no wise a commonplace man. He was a Jew of Tarsus—no mean city, a city of wealth and refinement, and especially of learning. Tarsus was the great university city of Asia Minor. Paul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, that is, a Hebrew of no doubtful origin, of genuine extraction. He was of the noted and favored tribe of Benjamin, and, as to religion, or law, a Pharisee, educated at the feet of one of the most learned Doctors the Jewish race ever produced—Gamaliel. As to profession, or busi-

*Bound Brook, N. J., April 7, 1918.

ness, because of his wonderful zeal for Hebrew and Pharisaical traditions, he had been entrusted with the important work of persecuting and exterminating heretics, and impostors—Christians, throughout the Jewish domains.

In addition to all of these things, Paul was a free-born Roman citizen. Roman citizenship at that time was almost invaluable. To be a Roman citizen men often paid enormous sums of money. Paul was born a Roman citizen: and although a Jew, before the Roman bar of justice, he would stand on an equal footing with any well-born Roman. Thus, among his fellow men Paul undoubtedly stood high. He was distinctly a man of the upper strata, a man of social and educational refinement. And he was conscious of it. All these things were "gain" to him, he tells us. They were precious. Paul was proud of Tarsus; he was proud of the Hebrews; he was proud of the tribe of Benjamin; he was proud of his Pharisaical training; he was proud of his Roman citizenship. These things he could well boast of in his day.

But now, in the text, he tells us that what things were once gain to him he counts loss for Christ; yea, he counts all things but loss for the excellency—the priceless privilege of knowing Christ.

What has caused this profound change in his life? What ever moved Paul to disrobe himself of his old, worldly paraphernalia with all of its glitter of rank and class and social distinction, to

appear before the world as the least of all the apostles of the crucified Jesus, as the offscouring of the earth, as one of the despised and hated heretics whom he once persecuted, imprisoned, and put to death? Miraculous change! Marvelous transition! Now he disdains and holds in utter contempt the things which he once so highly prized. Now he boasts of destitution, of humility, of persecution, of things of low estate and origin.

Paul not only laid aside his old, worldly paraphernalia and distinction, but he forgot them. This one thing he did: he forgot those things which were behind. They were beggarly elements to him now; they were offensive to the memory, disgusting and abominable—mere dung, as he says.

Evidently he had found something infinitely better. No man is going to discard what he prizes highly, unless he has something better in prospect. A child will hold on to an old, tattered, rag doll until "kingdom comes," and will in no wise release it unless it is offered a better doll—a nice, new, real doll. Seeing the new doll, the old one is immediately forgotten.

A man once had some valuable jewels which he prized highly. But in his traveling about he found the Jewel (Pearl) of greatest price, a pearl with a celestial luster to it, and forthwith he traded in his old jewels, which now appeared to him as mere junk, for the new one.

So did Paul. When once he got a glimpse of

Jesus Christ in His glory and splendor, everything else that had looked bright and glittering to Him faded away, became unattractive, yea, even disgusting and offensive; so away they went. Good-by Tarsus! Good-by Hebrew of Hebrews! Good-by tribe of Benjamin! Good-by Pharisee! Good-by learned student of Gamaliel! Welcome Jesus!

Oh, my friends, when the great Sun of Righteousness arose in Paul's heart, out went the pale flickering candles of human boasting and self-righteousness. They were now useless and contemptible. Now Paul had a righteousness not his own, a righteousness which abjured everything that man counts good, a righteousness through faith in Jesus Christ. There was no need of the old things. Paul had moved from a hovel to a palace; and he had no use for any of his old fixings and appurtenances and furniture. He took no old pillows along to bolster him up, no old, antiquated heirlooms of sacred ancestry, no old, ragged clothes of self-righteousness, no old shoes all run down at the heel, or aged, crownless high hats, or faded Prince Albert's, or brass-headed canes. Old things passed away. Behold, all things became new. There was not a thing in the old hut that he wanted. He was to have a new wardrobe. He packed no suit-case nor trunk, nor did he tie anything up in a handkerchief. Oh, no, he would not gain admittance to this new palace, to take up residence with the King of kings with any of his former, beggarly trappings. He laid aside

every weight, and pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus —the high calling, the priceless privilege, the excellency of knowing Christ. He longed to know Christ in the power of His resurrection, and to attain unto the resurrection from the dead.

There is something sublime in the life of St. Paul! What a glorious vision of Christ he had! What a wonderful concept of divine values! What an insight into heaven! Now that he was poor, he found himself immeasurably rich! Now that he had cast aside his boast of human learning, he had found One in whom was hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge! Now that he had lowered himself from the pedestal of human exaltation, he found himself sitting in heavenly places with Jesus Christ! Now that he had come out from among his old, society associates, he found himself communing with the God of heaven, and surrounded with a great cloud of celestial witnesses—all his companions and friends. What a glorious change!

SERMON X*

THE MOST DANGEROUS AND THE MOST PREVALENT THING IN ALL THE EARTH

"For the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6: 23).

PREAD throughout the world and infused in the hearts of men, is a sinister and deadly thing. Nothing in the catalog of horrors compares with it in harm and frightfulness. It is the mother of horrors. It is absolutely fatal to any man, woman, or child, in whose heart it may lodge. It is potent enough to wreck the whole world and would soon do so if not restrained.

That sinister and deadly thing is Sin. Sin has in it all the elements of destruction. In it are the powers of death and the quenchless flames of hell.

A little of Sin, just a little of it, is like a drop of the blood of a dead man which has the death of the dead man in it. Infused into the veins of a living man, it would soon convert him into a corpse. Sin, just a little sin, will destroy the soul. It is the poisonous blood of death. Woe to him in whose veins it flows. In a little Sin is more Sin,

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and more Sin. Sin hastily begets itself and spreads like the virus of a serpent.

This deadly thing is everywhere. Sometimes, yes, often, it displays itself in bold, shameless outcrops; at other times it seems shy and hidden. *But it is there.* It spares no one. Its spot is on even the fairest of earth's fair, though, perhaps, concealed by culture and refinement. None but the "blood-washed" are free from it—men and women who have dipped in the crimson stream of Calvary.

Sin is so vicious and monstrous that it drew forth from God His omnipotent curse. In order to save mankind from it, God hesitated not to sacrifice His own Son. To no greater limits could He possibly go in expressing His eternal hatred of anything.

Sin incurred the greatest and only breach the universe of God has ever known. It is the one and only rebel principle that ever arose to destroy the equilibrium of creation. It is the essence of anarchy. Well-nigh did it come to making this world the seat of eternal revolution.

Sin came into existence as a result of free moral agency or "free-will." Endowed with the power to choose between opposites, some creature, undoubtedly the devil, wilfully made a bad selection, and thus brought forth Sin. At some time in the ages gone by, when all things existed in harmony with the laws of God, and righteousness was the order of creation, Lucifer, or the devil, as he is now known, chose to disobey and set on foot re-

bellion. Thus he caused a rupture in the commonwealth of God, which has never yet been healed.

Throughout the ages, this rebellion has become worse and worse. In time it actually involved a third part of the heavens,—innumerable angels, principalities, and powers, and finally through Adam and Eve in the Garden spread to all mankind. Onward and onward it has gone, ever increasing and expanding until it has taken hold upon the four corners of the earth.

Convulsed and crushed in the embrace of this evil thing, the earth has undergone deep travail and has groaned away its years. Awful, awful have been its tragedies and sorrows. Miseries upon miseries and woes upon woes have heaped upon it. All the furies of Chaos have visited it one at a time and all together—fires and plagues and famines and floods and shedding of blood. Its inhabitants, reckless, hardened, and brutal, have gone from bad to worse wilfully sinning and inviting the wrath of an incensed God upon them. Perversness and iniquity have supplanted order and holiness.

Sin has created hell, and hell has enlarged itself until its burning crater has engulfed the whole world. It is only a short distance to hell. Even now, rising among the people, one can see hell's reaking fumes and hear its crackling flames.

Who ever could have thought that Sin would be so bad? When Eve, beguiled by the serpent, reached forth her pure white hand and

plucked fruit from the tree of knowledge and put it to her hitherto immaculate lips to taste, though she knew she was doing wrong, little did she dream that she was plunging the world of her descendants from Edenic splendors into horrible and enduring darkness. Little did Adam imagine that when he yielded to Eve's entreaties and ate of the forbidden fruit, he was making himself the father of untold ages of misery. It did not occur to our first parents that through Sin they would transmit to future generations their awful, fallen natures, and that in time to come their descendants, through increased sinfulness, would be born little better than beasts.

Oh, terrible, terrible was the day when Sin first found entrance into the heart of man! Who can tell it? It is as though the human race, once pure and immortal had deliberately taken deadly poison which would never cease to flow through its veins until the whole body, rotten from head to foot, would sink into a miserable death—a corpse fit only for everlasting burnings.

Why is it that Sin is so horrible? Sin is the principle of rebellion against God. It is lawlessness. It is disobedience and perverseness. It is enmity against God, and defiance against His laws. Whatever God wants, Sin does not want. Where God wants holiness and purity, Sin wants filthiness and obscenity. Where God wants order, Sin wants disorder. Where God wants virtue, Sin wants vice. Where God wants love, Sin wants lust.

Where God wants honesty, Sin wants deceit.

Sin is anything to be contrary. It is the source of all iniquity. It has filled men's hearts with corruption. It has deprived them of moral integrity and uprightness, and made them mean, and servile, and low down. It has rendered them untrustworthy, crooked, and selfish. It has put deception in their hearts and lies on their lips. It has made them sorcerers and whoremongers and idolaters. It has actually converted human beings into dogs with rabid teeth and tongues. It has made the earth a haunt of wild beasts, a nest of unclean fowls—a breeding place of vice.

But worst of all, Sin brought Death. Wherever Sin goes, Death goes. Oh, how we hate this child of hell. Death reaps the harvest sown by Sin. She sits in desolation among corpses—cold, clammy, staring corpses. Yea, she reaps the harvest sown by Sin and gluts herself therewith. She loves charnel houses and morgues and cemeteries and dreary places. You will find her at home, reigning in awful, appalling silence on the battle-field where the devil and Sin have passed after the din of war has ceased, where none but lifeless bodies are. Here she sits and spreads the ample folds of her black garments. Blood and human wreckage are all about her—bodies of dead men, reeking in gore, ghastly sights. But she is at home.

Indeed, Death is at home wherever the devil and Sin have passed. They prepare the way for her. Where they pass on, she steps in, just as

waste and desolation follow in the wake of the forest fire. Death loves to hover about everywhere, especially where she sees her harvest coming. It gloats her hideous eyes to behold the signs of Sin. She knows what Sin will do, and like a gruesome vulture, is ever about waiting for her prey.

But Death preys not only on men's bodies. She sits also among dead and dying souls. A dead body is of little concern to her unless the soul is dead; for the death of the soul is everlasting death. On spiritual corpses she will prey forever and ever.

But though Sin is so manifestly baleful to the human race, thus in the bringing of Death and other evils, it is the least feared of any harm. Its very prevalence accustoms men to it. In fact, men do less than fear it; they actually love it. Sin is not without its attractions. Before men's eyes it does not always, or even often, appear as a hideous monster or an insidious serpent. It rather assumes innocent and harmless aspects. It knows how to please the eye, the mind, and the flesh. It can bedeck and array itself and appear even cultured and refined. It is often so unoffensive as to be excusable in sanctimonious circles.

Sin is mostly charming and alluring and fascinating. It threatens nobody. It bears poison, but its poison is hidden. Under its cloak is a treacherous dagger, but who is aware of it? Sin can smile, and its tongue can be smooth. Sin's touch can be soft and its presence delicate. It can

arouse in its victim the most sensuous delight. It leads from pleasure to pleasure, ever alluring its followers toward hell.

Behold the work of sin! Sin speaks to you from every corner and every street. It glitters from the show windows. It glares from the billboards. It paints itself all over the theaters. It struts suggestively in the fashions.

Note sin's language. How picturesque! The title of a new play, "A Midnight Whirl," recently staged in one of New York's great theaters, is typical of Sin's language to the pleasure hunters.

Sin knows how to appeal to men's psychic and physical natures so that they will be aflame with passion in anticipating its pleasures and yet oblivious to its consequences.

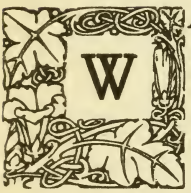
That Sin invariably pays death eventually to its patrons, few, very few people, stop to consider even though no fact could be more obvious to their eyes and minds.

What shall we do to warn the people? Vain, it seems, to preach; Sin is so popular. But we shall keep on, peradventure we might save one man, one woman, or one child. Let us remember "that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death" (James 5:20).

SERMON XI

THE DEVIL'S OWN*

"When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it" (John 8:44).



AS not that a dear child that the devil had to look upon? His very own! A lie; the first lie, newborn to the universe.

Satan was bringing forth new things into creation. This thing, the Lie, was novel indeed and very promising. It must have rejoiced Satan's paternal heart as he looked with gloating eyes and heaving breast upon that infernal little offspring. Another child of his; and so much like its father. Perhaps one of the first. But first, or second, or third, it was Satan's own and such as only he could father,—an ill-formed, misshapen, uncanny, and disgusting thing to look upon; a wretched, distorted creature with serpent's eyes, and forked tongue, red, and darting like a flame of hell.

Though newborn, it was soon matured; though misshapen and distorted, it was marvelously agile and quick of movement. It was evasive as a

*Bound Brook, N. J., Sept. 14, 1919.

shadow, subtle as a snake,—capable of exceedingly torturous paths, elusive of all obstructions. An extraordinary creature was this new child of the devil.

"I have done a great thing now," said the devil to himself, as he gazed with wonder and pride upon his newborn son. The Lie was a marvelous prodigy—he could plainly see. Said he, "This child will be a great solace and aid to me. What can I not do with a Lie?" Then grand visions of the Lie's phenomenal achievements passed before his eyes.

And the Lie waxed strong in wisdom and in the favor of the devil his father. More and more did his extraordinary capabilities become apparent; for he was possessed of supernatural mentality. Though in his natural state misshapen and distorted, he was nevertheless capable of a thousand different forms—deceptive forms. In this his versatility was unlimited. Yet inwardly he was always the same misshapen son of the devil.

And it came to pass that the devil, his father, took him into the Garden of Eden, where dwelt the first human pair, Adam and Eve, the progenitors of the human race. And the devil, using the Lie, spake unto Eve and contradicted the words of Truth, even the words of the Almighty. And Eve believed the Lie, for the Lie was pleasing to her ear—yea, more so than the words of Truth. And the Lie encouraged her to partake of the forbidden fruit of the tree of wisdom which was in

the midst of the garden, and to give of it unto her husband.

So the work of the Lie was then finished in the Garden of Eden, and the devil, his father, rejoiced. For through the Lie came a curse upon Adam and Eve, and upon their children, and upon the whole earth—man and beast and herb alike. And Adam and Eve, wrecked and fallen, were driven out of the Garden and from the presence of God, and the Garden was closed against them and their children forever.

Then came the Lie again to figure in a second tragedy of the world's great, horrible drama. Adam and Eve brought forth two sons, one Cain and the other Abel. And Cain and Abel brought offerings to the Lord,—Cain an offering of the fruits of the land, and Abel an offering of flesh and blood. And God refused to accept the offering of Cain, saying that Abel's was preferred.

Now two other children of the devil, Hatred and Jealousy, entered into the heart of Cain; and his countenance fell as though an evil spirit had cast its shadow across his face. And Cain and Abel were out in the field in the shadow of the evening, conversing. Then Hatred and Jealousy in the heart of Cain brought forth a child called Murder; and suddenly, as if convulsed by demon impulse, Cain raised his arm and slew his brother; and out on the ground for the first time, poured the warm, rich blood of a human being. Then Cain, instructed in his heart by evil, carried the body of

his murdered brother, it is supposed, and hid it, so as to cover up his wicked deed, and went forth as though nothing had happened.

Then came God forth and said, "Cain, where is thy brother?" Now the Lie had entered into the heart of Cain. Theretofore had the devil spoken the Lie; now a human being had a Lie in his heart and on his tongue. Cain answering, looked up at God boldly and said, "I know not," adding sarcastically, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

O Cain, did you imagine that you could hide your guilty deed from the all-seeing eye of God by a lie on your tongue? Were you so foolish as to imagine that the omniscient God did not know where Abel was?

Cain was a liar as well as a murderer, and the Lie was written all over his face. Alas, the day when the first man lied!

Upon Cain then came an awful curse, and he went forth from the presence of God to be a wretch the remainder of his days, and to bring forth into this world a generation of criminals like himself.

Then, as the children of men multiplied upon the earth, the Lie brought forth after his kind, brood upon brood, brood upon brood, until the earth was full of them, all serpent-like and subtil. And they entered into the abodes of men and dwelt in their hearts, and upon their tongues and in their minds. And they gleamed forth from men's eyes and shot their fiery tongues from their

mouths and displayed themselves in their actions and conduct. They made men's hearts deceitful and desperately wicked, so that no one could know them. Even in the mouths of little children did the lies take lodging, curling their green coils about their little tongues and causing them to utter wicked falsities.

And the whole human race became beset with lies, as did the children of Israel with serpents in the wilderness. Lies, lies everywhere! Insidious, vile gangrenous, venomous!

And the lies did sting and bite the people. Fathers and mothers and sons and daughters lied to one another, and to God; and men came to doubt and distrust one another, and there were divisions among families and groups and races, because of lies. Kings lied unto kings, and to their subjects; so that wars and revolutions arose because of lies. Verily, the very heart of the world became perjured and treacherous through falsehood and deceit.

Moreover, through lies did the devil build up many false religions and cause millions of people on the earth to walk in superstition and ignorance. With lies did he veil the truth and obscure the face of God, so that the world was plunged into darkness. And the devil did inspire men to write many lying books and preach lying doctrines. Every truth of God he did combat with a lie or many lies, until truth was driven far from the abode of men.

And it came about, strange to say, that men

began to love lies, and gladly preferred lies to the truth. Their hearts did become so corrupt that truth was a terror to them. Believing lies, they found false solace for their stricken consciences and many elusive avenues of escape from condemnation. Lies helped them out of troublesome dilemmas and delivered them from judgment. Lies barricaded them from punishment and rendered them excusable before their accusers. Lies brought upon men sweet delusions and freed their minds of responsibility to their fellowmen and to God.

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And so it was the Lie that lured the human race into sin, and it is the Lie that is keeping it there. The Lie denies all the truths of God, contradicts His Scriptures, and counteracts His orders. There is nothing the Lie does not do to misrepresent God, and to abuse the person of His Son. The Lie has been and always will be as busy as possible, piling up prejudice against the Church, so that the people of God are misunderstood and falsely judged.

But the time is coming and not far hence, when the Lie shall be banished from the earth. Then truth shall arise out of the dust to be adored forever. Then shall all false pretenses and subterfuges be destroyed. Then shall all of the elusive paths of round-about ways of deception be obliterated from the earth, and men shall go forth on the straight, undeviating, broad ways of integ-

rity and uprightness. Never more shall lies dwell in their hearts and upon their tongues and in their minds. Men shall trust one another. Husbands shall be true to their wives, and wives to their husbands. Fathers and mothers shall be true to their sons, and sons and daughters shall be true to their fathers and mothers. And the whole human race shall be true to its God.

For the time is coming when the Son of God, whose name is Faithful and True (See Rev. 19:-11.) shall go forth on a white horse, with flaming sword to destroy all falsehood and deception. Then it shall be that "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death" (Rev. 21:8).

SERMON XII

THE RAVEN AND THE DOVE

AND THE GREAT AND AWFUL FLOOD

"And he sent forth a raven, * * Also he sent forth a dove."

GES and ages ago, far back in the dim past, after the sons of men had multiplied and multiplied upon the earth, God, seeing that the earth had become so exceedingly corrupt and full of violence before Him that He could no longer bear with it, opened up the fountains of the heavens and emptied out upon it, like the pourings of ten thousand Niagaras, the waters of His wrath. For forty days and forty nights the waters prevailed, piling up, and piling up, sea upon sea, and sea upon sea, until mountains, valleys, and plains alike, with their towering citadels, quiet villages, and vast cities, teeming with life, were all lost from sight, submerged in the all-engulfing flood. With the exception of the ark and its inmates, all things and

all life that were upon the surface of the ground were totally destroyed.

It was a time of dismal ruin and hopelessness.

The earth's cup of iniquity had become full to the brim, and running over. God had seen that the wickedness of man was great, and that every imagination of the thought of his heart was only evil continually. Vice had driven Virtue from the abodes of men. Sin sat enthroned. God himself was dishonored and blasphemed. There was no turning of men from their evil ways. Therefore, God had resolved to put a violent end to everything.

Who can portray the awful scene? Terror was let loose. The sun hid his face. Darkness encompassed the face of the earth—that wierd, depressing darkness that attends great thunderstorms and is mixed with a pale, uncanny light. The heavens were one mass of raging clouds, twisted and churned by furious winds and torn and rent by dancing, zigzag lightning. And the waters came down—came down in endless, drenching sheets until plains were covered into surging seas, writhing with debris of ruined cities and drowning men and beasts. Down, down, down came the merciless waters until in angry waves they lashed the mountainsides and filled the valleys; until, at the end of forty days and forty nights, they submerged beneath their flood every foot of land upon the earth.

Then were the fountains of the heavens stop-

ped and the clouds emptied forth no more water and the flood began to abate.

But alas, desolation reigned!

From the window of the ark Noah beheld a boundless sea of dark, forbidding waters. Aimlessly his great boat drifted upon its surface, bearing within it the only surviving lives of men and beasts. All else without the ark had perished.

In order now to find out whether the water was abating from the face of the earth, Noah sent forth from the window of the ark a raven, a black-winged raven, thinking, of course, that if the raven found no suitable place to rest his foot, he would return.

Out over the dark, tumultuous waters went the raven, and his vulturous eyes searched for the floating carrion of man or beast wherewith to gorge himself. The water was indeed abating, and he hunted the lone, storm-beaten crags, and took shelter in their dismal caverns. There he croaked alone and drank of the murky water that lashed his feet. He yearned for his old, black companions and cast no longing eye toward the ark whence he came.

Noah had made a mistake. A raven could not be expected to return to the ark. A raven is a wayward bird. He loves the wild and desolate. He is at home amidst death and destruction. Darkness and waste are not strange to him. Any time in the hours of the night one may hear his husky croak or the flap of his dusky pinions. Who

has not seen the raven perched in the early hours of morn, while darkness lingers, on some barren, death-smitten limb, perfectly at home? Who has not beheld him loitering about where dead bodies are?

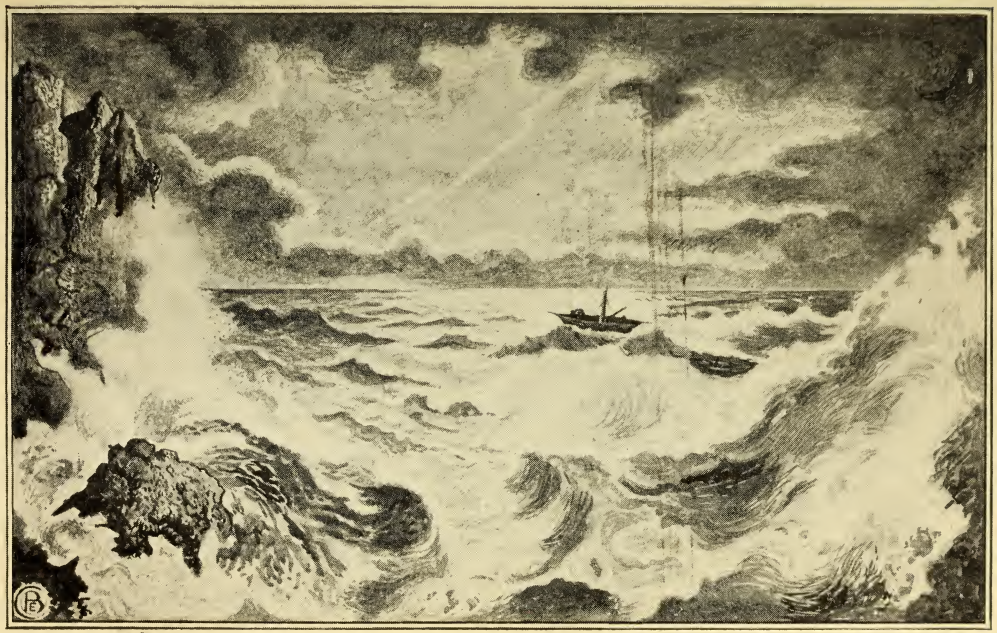
The raven is a crafty, unholy bird. His ways are evil. He has been known through all ages as a dishonest and treacherous fowl. He is a confirmed thief, and if he could talk would be as great a liar.

Nay, the raven came not back to the ark. Once out of the ark, though amidst a sea of ruin, he had obtained that wild freedom for which his black heart craved.

Failing thus with the raven, Noah sent forth a dove—a white-winged dove. And the dove went forth over the dark, tumultuous deep. But her gentle eye sought no carrion, and her feet alighted on no lone, storm-beaten crags. Nor did she drink of the murky waters that rolled beneath her. Behold, all to her was waste and wild, and forbidding. Perhaps she saw the raven, that perjured bird, flapping his dusky wings, at home in the midst of this desolation, and her heart shuddered with horror.

Back, back quickly went the dove to the ark! as could have been expected.

For the dove is a gentle bird and a symbol of purity. Its nature is just the opposite to that of the raven. It was in the form of a beautiful white dove that the Holy Spirit decended upon the Son



of God as He was about to commence the work of His ministry on the earth. What could have been so symbolic of Christ's divinity as the dove? A raven alighting upon Him would have been blasphemous,—to say the least, anything but indicative of His divine sonship. Throughout all ages, in art, literature, and religion, by reason of its natural refinement, the dove has been emblematic of virtue and innocence and love. Surely a dove could not be at home flitting about over a wild and dreary waste or cooing in sepulchral, wave-washed caverns. And it is sure she could have no comradeship with a wicked and wayward raven if she should meet him. Once out upon the bosom of the cold, soulless, slashing sea, her heart returned to Noah and the ark. Thither again would she quickly go—to Noah and the ark.

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Now, be it known that there is a great and terrible flood upon the earth whose billows ever rising and surging have so well-nigh enveloped all things that there is scarcely a place of safety in all the world. For ages and ages the waters have descended in endless, drenching sheets, literally overwhelming and ruining the whole human race. And the world has become a grewsome, dismal sight. Wildness and waste and darkness over the surface of the great, restless deep have blended themselves in one vast scene of horrible desolation.

And the great and terrible flood is SIN.

Open now a window of the ark and send forth

a raven, a human raven with a black heart and a vulturous eye. Let him go forth over the deep and behold if he will return again. Let him flit about the lone, sin-lashed crags; let him croak anon in haunts where sin's dark waters whirl and eddy; let him partake of sin's abundance of food and drink: will he return to the ark where Christ is and where His saints are? Nay, verily, he will not return. *He is a raven.*

Now, send forth a dove, a human dove, with a clean heart and a meek and gentle eye; and behold if she will return again. Let her flit about over the turbulent deep, and view the haunts of sin, and vice. Offer unto her of sin's abundance. Aye, let the raven call unto her and allure her into paths of waywardness. Will she go? Nay, she will not go. She will return quickly to the ark, unsullied and unbesmirched by sin—clean and white. And Christ will reach forth His hand out of the ark to take her to Himself and to His saints. Yea, verily, she will return, *for she is a dove.*

SERMON XIII

IS YOUR SOUL YOU

OR IS IT SOME STRANGE SOMETHING IN YOU?

HAT is the soul after all,—that thing which we are all so anxious to save, that thing which in the sight of both man and God is worth more than the whole world?

When I was a small boy I commenced conjecturing on this problem, and I have at different times arrived at some very interesting conclusions, some of them being more or less queer, but perhaps not unlike some other people's. It is not unlikely that in many minds, the idea of the soul is that it is a mysterious, indefinable something that lodges within every man's breast. Many people may have the idea that if you could take a lantern and hunt around inside of a man, you might find his soul crowded in some out-of-the-way corner like a little sprite, trembling in fear of its eternal welfare. When I was small I imagined that the soul of a wicked man was some strange, black something, possibly like a black

tom cat that prowled around inside of a man, and that the soul of a Christian was some strange, quiet, white something, possibly like an innocent, timid dove or white rabbit.

But we must come to more intelligent views than this. You will not need a lantern, or a searchlight, or a pick and shovel, or anything else to find a man's soul, much less your own. No, indeed. Your soul is no little prisoner down in the dungeon of your being, curled up in a corner, and entering seldom into your consciousness. Your soul is the most conspicuous thing about you, the most conscious part of you; it is that thing that distinguishes you from anybody else: it is YOU, —not necessarily the *you* of flesh and blood, but the *you* of self-consciousness, of emotions, of sentiments, and of character.

If I am right you are likely to find a greater portion of your every-day self than you ever dreamed of going with your soul into eternity. Possibly you are wont to believe that more or less of the undesirable about you is destined to drop off of you when you leave this life, and you therefore have a lenient attitude toward certain bad traits of your character. But beware!

I am coming to believe more and more that our souls will be pretty much the same things in eternity that we are now; that they will be just what we have made them. And, if I am right, our task in "dressing for eternity" is after all no small matter, no indifferent vocation. We

should come to know more consciously that as we "tog" out here just so will we appear "togged" out in eternity.

Now what do we mean by dressing for eternity? We mean *character building*. We mean the molding of one's self into respectable form and shape. We mean the enlargement of soul, the expansion of mind, the increasing of capacity, the putting forth of all that is within us, the use, and the doubling of the talents that God has given us.

How, now, are we going about it? Where is the dressing room? and what are the clothes that we are to put on? I answer, life (in its fullest, most comprehensive sense) is the dressing room. Life is full of wardrobes with every conceivable sort of garment in which we might wish to dress ourselves up. Or, to change the metaphor, life is the great university to which everybody is sent for preparation and learning in view of eternity. The only entrance requirement is a birth certificate, and the only diploma, a death certificate.

We must not imagine that in the long run this or that man's chance of learning and opportunity of improving himself is much better than ours, perhaps because he goes to some college or university, or has other so-called advantages that we lack. Did you know that after all, the class room is only an observatory from which professors and students view life as through a magnifying glass, and that the business of a class room is reflective upon life rather than speculative. The laboratory

itself is merely a secret door to the physical chamber of life and of nature. In a good school, the most that they do is to talk about life—the very life that we are living. We need not necessarily go to some big university to become learned.

Life is not subject to monopoly in the least sense of the word. No college can get a corner on it. No one can buy up your experiences. No one can exclude you from your share,—and your share is infinite. Why envy the other man's position? You say, "Oh, if I only had that person's advantages! If I were only in this person's shoes!" instead of trying to make some one say that he wished he were in your shoes. Many people are parasites. They must constantly have someone to envy. They must ever have someone to teach them and lead them. They do not realize that in the majority of cases when anyone points out something to them by way of instruction it is like showing them a familiar object, a dog, for instance, and saying to them, "Sir, this is a dog." That is, many people are so very stupid that they cannot learn anything for themselves; they must depend on someone else to point out even the most simple things for them, and wonder at these persons' marvelous ability to see, to smell, and to think. And then sometimes when they are shown something new, they are like the farmer, who, when he saw a giraffe for the first time, said, "There ain't no such animal."

Knowledge pervades the very atmosphere.

There is plenty of it for everybody who wants it. It is spread about us like the oceans. People sail on it all of the time and yet they continually cry, "Water! Water! I wish I could get where there were better opportunities and environments." *Information* is so common that men do not recognize it. Indeed they expect it to come winged and celestial. But lo! it is not an ethereal, vanishing something, a selective, mysterious, elusive creature that comes and goes unexpectedly, that visits certain people only. No, wisdom is as common as the ground under our feet, as familiar and as rugged as the eternal rocks. It is constantly staring us in the face, constantly pulling at us, calling to us, yea, shouting at us. It lives in our house, is in the mat under our feet, the chairs on which we sit, the bread and potatoes which we eat. It presents itself to us in all of its simplicity in the ordinary events of the day, in all of its majesty in the fellow comrade at our side.

Some wonder why certain people are so wise, so learned, so efficient, so fit to rule, and to lead. The principle reason is that they have kept their eyes and ears open; they have enlarged their souls, expanded their minds, increased their capacity, and doubled their talents.

Will any of you say to me that persecution or bereavement or troubles or imprisonments or banishments, can cut us off from life, and knowledge, and activity? Oh, a living intelligent soul becomes more exuberant under trial! John, banished to

Patmos, had divine revelation. Joseph, in prison, had wonderful dreams. Bunyan, in Bedford jail, wrote Pilgrim's Progress. Brice, despondent over the loss of his wife, woke up to the need of a starving England. Lincoln, born and reared in the backwoods, developed a mind and soul that led him to the White House.

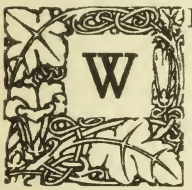
The point I wish to make is that in order to be a success in heaven, we must be a success here. We must develop capacity in this world to enjoy heaven when we get there. Our souls are largely in our own hands, and we are commanded to "work out our salvation with fear and trembling." To work means *to work*. It means persistent, laborious striving against obstacles by way of self-preparation for eternity. It means more than that: it means such striving in the mere effort to live a full, rounded, and efficient life in this world. Without thinking of the hereafter at all, we may consider this life itself well worth living, if lived right.

I shall repeat it: our souls are not merely some little tenants of our bodies, which in the event of death take their flight, leaving behind the greater part of us. No indeed, in the event of death, we *ourselves* will go out into eternity leaving behind but an empty shell of clay. Should we not, then, take heed to ourselves?

SERMON XIV

THE HUMAN HEART, FATHOMLESS TO ALL BUT THE INFINITE MIND OF GOD*

"For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. 4:12).



HAT is said of God's word in this text, I maintain can be said of His mind. Hence, through this sermon I shall speak of God's *mind* instead of His *word.*

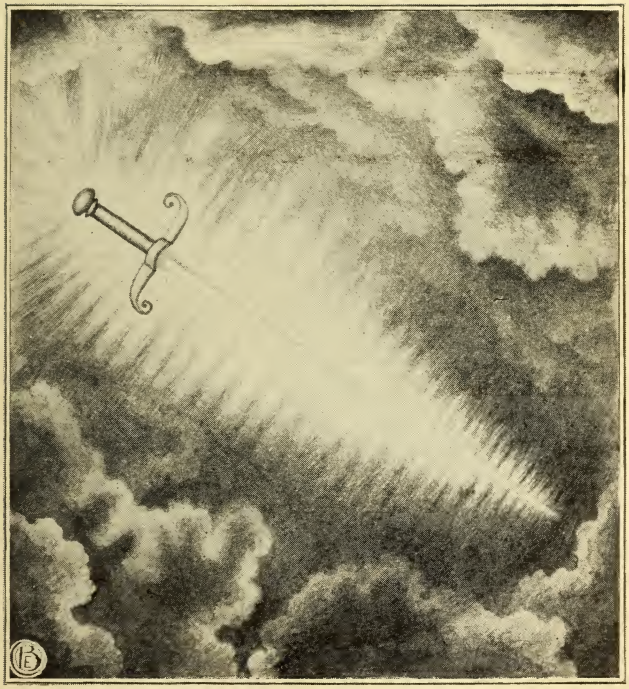
"The mind of God is quick." Here, I shall interpret *quick* to mean *swift.* Light is swift, traveling 186,300 miles a second, a velocity too fast for finite minds to comprehend. A railroad train traveling sixty miles an hour is traveling fast. When it passes, we stand and wonder. But no railroad train in the world can keep up with light. Electricity can send a message across the ocean and back in the twinkling of an eye. Electricity is fast, but God's mind is faster. God's mind comprehends the universe in

*Zarephath, N. J., Dec. 8, 1918.

its vast expanse and all of its complexities like a flash of lightning. God never stumbles along trying to understand. He is never slow to see the point or arrive at any conclusion. God never finds a problem of thought which necessitates time to solve. We must not imagine that He cannot instantly understand the most obscure of our difficulties. Sometimes we need an hour or a night to think over a matter. Our process of thought is cumbersome and clumsy. We must weigh this thing and that thing, must take into consideration this other thing and that other thing, before we can come to a conclusion, and all of this takes time. But God comprehends the whole situation at once. All reasons, and circumstances, and arguments are at once present in His infinite mind, and the conclusion likewise.

The infinite mind is powerful. It is powerful because it is right. With God, right is might. There is no force of argument in the universe that can overcome it. It never wavers in weakness. It is staunch and firm. No conflicting opinions ever unsettle it, and there is nothing too great for it to grasp.

The very swiftness of God's mind expresses its power. A railroad engine, to travel fast, must be powerful. Electricity, to cross the ocean in a twinkling, must be powerful. Whatever God thinks, He thinks powerfully. If God thinks that a nation's cup of iniquity is full, His thought is so powerful that it carries instant judgment with it.



With God, a conclusion to act brings the act.

The mind of God is sharper than any two-edged sword. There is nothing so fine but that the mind of God can cleave it in twain. Nor is there anything so hard that it cannot cut it. It can divide asunder a mountain of perplexity and "split a hair."

Again, the very swiftness and power of God's mind expresses its sharpness. As a flash of lightning cuts instantaneously through great masses of black, voluminous clouds, so the mind of God cuts instantaneously through all things obscure, hard of understanding, and confusing to man. And as God's mind cuts, it does so with infinite precision and exactness. It can sever what to the human mind is indivisible. It can pierce even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. Let any mortal mind, if it will, challenge God in this, and assay to do the same.

Right here, if we know what we are talking about, we shall stop to ponder in awe and wonder. Who else can divide asunder the soul from the spirit? Who else can discern the thoughts and intents of the heart? Beside you sits some one. Proceed now to make this operation on that person. Sharpen your wits, whet your intuition; make way into that person's heart and sever the soul from the spirit, if you can. Discern with your shrewd, perceptive mind the thoughts and intents of that heart. Is it your husband or your wife or your brother or your sister whom you have

known for years? Is it your own son or daughter whom you have brought up on your knee? Proceed! The challenge remains. Do you imagine that you know that husband or wife or sister or brother or son or daughter? If you do, you are deluded. You will easier know all the mysteries of the universe than you will know that person. You will sooner be versed in all the profundities of electricity, of light, of heat, of gravity, of energy, of motion, yea, of creation itself, than you will know the secrets of that person's heart. Beside you sits a problem of infinity. Beside you sits one of the obscurest entities of all creation. Talk about mystery and complexity and obscurity! If you will find it, look at the person who sits next to you. Are there any hidden recesses, any vast, unexplored regions, any unfathomable depths, any insuperable heights in the universe? If so, they are just as likely to be within the fleshly walls of that person who sits beside you as anywhere else. You have an infant,—a baby in your arms or sitting on your knee, a dear, simple little thing that cries and laughs and chuckels and takes nourishment and grows and says, "da da"?—before you understand its tiny heart, you will have entered the life beyond.

The Bible is right, where it says that the heart of man is deceitful above all things. I use the word deceitful here in the sense of obscure. Shakespeare was right, when he said there is no art to read the mind's (or heart's) construction in the

face. The most unsearchable, inaccessible spot in all the universe is the heart of man. Dig your way in, if you can. Discover any paths that will lead you in, if you can. And after you think you have gotten in, be sure you are in, if you can.

Ah, ye wondrous mind-readers who look into men's eyes and feel their heads and trace the lines on their palms and note the expressions of their faces and are so foolish as to think you know those men! You may know about them, it is true. That you may judge some of their characteristics, we will not deny. So also you may do with God. But fully to comprehend either man or God is quite another thing.

What I wish to impress upon the minds of my hearers is, that in the truest sense of the word, the heart of any human being is inapproachable except to God himself. Comparing it to mountains, it is like a peak of the Himalayas which has never been scaled by mortal feet. It is like a chasm too deep and dark and bottomless for mortal descent. It is like a vast jungle in which there are ten thousand ways to lose oneself. It is like the bottom of the sea, hidden, intricate, and seemingly boundless. The heart of man offers to the explorer a confusing sight of unmapable broadways, cross-roads, and by-paths. Your own heart, whoever you are, is too profound for you to attempt to understand it yourself, let alone anyone else.

St. Paul acknowledged that he did not under-

stand himself entirely, and anticipated a time when he would know as he was known. King David, pondering in his heart, begs God to cleanse him from secret faults, and at another time exclaims that man is fearfully and wonderfully made—so made that in contemplating man, yea, the heart of man in particular, the human mind trembles in fear and wonder—totally incapable of understanding it.

Now if you doubt what I have affirmed about the heart of man, I ask you to make a study of it for a moment with me. Do you presume that you can comprehend in a day or a year or a hundred years of study all of the subtle effects of race, of heredity, of early training, of environments, and of education in the nature of any human being? Could you, with any light of intelligence, discover all of its hidden chambers of emotion and springs of impulse? Could you discriminate between the thoughts of its mind and the intents of its heart? Could you with any sense of intuitive justice, tell in every instance where any person is to be condemned and where he is to be honored? Are you sure that you can tell when this or that act is based on sinfulness or depravity and when it is based on innocence or ignorance? Do you know all of the channels in any person's nature that may be used as inroads upon the heart either by good or evil influences?

Do you imagine that the look of the eye, the expressions of the face, the words of the mouth

are all you need to pass a final judgment on your neighbor? You will say, "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and I will answer, "Quite so," but are you always qualified to interpret the words of anybody's mouth? If you have never misunderstood anybody, we shall admit that you must be qualified. But I have my doubts.

This thing is a task for the Omniscient, not for us. Who are you that can sit in *final* judgment upon your neighbor? Nay, this is the work of Almighty God. Not that we may never be qualified to sit in judgment upon another, not that we cannot to some degree learn and understand one another—this would be an awful world if we could not—but that we cannot in all cases sit in judgment upon one another or thoroughly understand one another.

It is in this that we must feel the need of divine wisdom in dealing with human souls. It is only in the degree to which God has endowed us with His mind that we are successful. And when we are successful, it is not always because we truly understand any human heart, but because God leads us in spite of our natural misunderstanding. God often takes advantage of our very ignorance to speak through us. On the other hand, He does in a miraculous way often give His prophets actual insight into men's hearts so that they are able to see as by a flash of lightning.

But the power thoroughly to understand any

mortal mind belongs to Omnipotence. Only before the eyes of God are all things manifest; only unto the eyes of God are all things naked and open. Let any one person enter the secret laboratories of his heart, bolt the doors, turn down the lights, and produce a purpose hidden from God, if he can. Does anybody imagine that there is a single impulse of the heart that God does not sense, a solitary emotion, however feeble, that He is not aware of? Does anybody imagine that there are any hidden chambers, any trap-doors, any underground passageways, any dark alleys in his nature that God does not know about? Does anybody suppose that he can climb over the fence as a thief and a robber and not be discovered by God? Does anybody think he can arrive at any conclusion in his mind without God knowing the process? God does not care so much about the conclusions to which you come; it is how you come to those conclusions. You resolve to do a deed which to all appearance is charitable or philanthropic or self-denying, and God will know whether you came to that conclusion through a trap-door of selfishness, a dark alley of questionable purpose, or a broad, sunlit highway of integrity. God understands the human heart; and though one's thoughts and emotions and intents and tendencies and instincts and sentiments be as multitudinous and intricate as would be the shadows in a dense forest jumping and flitting about before a swiftly shifting searchlight, He is never confused or unable to discrim-

inate between them. His mind can separate without effort the elements of one's spiritual and psychic nature—that is, can sever the soul from the spirit, just as a woman can part her luxuriant hair, and the line of demarcation will be as exact and precise as a line through space.

Before such a judge of the human heart we all shall stand in the great Judgment Day. We shall stand conscious before His all-seeing eye and shall see His infallible scales of justice; and when sentence is passed, the hearts of saints and sinners alike, though aware that never before by mortal man they were truly, rightly, or thoroughly judged or understood, will intuitively acknowledge the righteous judgment of God.

Aye, over the vast multitude of doomed spirits on that eventful day when sentence is passed, silence will reign, *the silence that accompanies the consciousness of guilt,* and none can say that the Judge of all the earth *has not done right.*

SERMON XV

WHY AND HOW MEN NEED SAVING*

"For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them" (Luke 9:56).

HE significant word in this verse to me at this time is the word save. What does save mean here? Of course I know that primarily it has reference to the saving of the soul. But it means more, a great deal more, if we stop to consider what men actually need saving from. A man's soul may be saved and ready to meet its God while otherwise he may still be in such a wretched, despicable condition that he is yet badly in need of much *saving*. I refer to the condition of his natural, moral faculties, his will-power, his mind, his body, and the like—a condition which is a universal consequence of the fall. To save men from this condition as well as to save their souls from sin, is the work of Christianity.

If the responsibility of this is left to the Church, the Church surely has a tremendous task.

*Zarephath, N. J., Nov. 2, 1919.

The great masses of mankind are so deeply imbedded in the bog of moral and mental and physical degeneracy that it seems futile to try to raise them. The human race is actually fossilized in the earth. When men were first created they walked erect with lofty heads, their feet hardly touching the ground beneath them. They breathed pure air, and their eyes beheld glorious things. But when sin came, they began to bow themselves. Their heads drooped and their spines curved. Their hands hung down ape-like; and their eyes becoming heavy, sought lower things. As time went on and the weight of sin increased on their shoulders, they bent far forward, and their eyes looked almost straight down. Gradually they came to resemble four-footed beasts of the field. Their original glory departed from them, and they began to grovel in menial and bestial things. High ideals vanished from their minds; their good taste degenerated; and their mental faculties weakened. Less and less, physically, morally, and mentally did they resemble the original image of human perfection. After a few generations of the earthward trend, Adam would hardly recognize his sons. Continual and increased courting of the earth and baser things reacted profoundly on the human race. The animal replaced the spiritual; knowledge gave place to ignorance; rudeness dragged down refinement; stupidity smothered mentality; passion overwhelmed virtue; maddened impulse dethroned judgment; brutal force

broke down restraint. In many cases through animal practices men physically grew like the beasts. Their hair became tough and grizzly, their eyes small and deep sunk, their brows shaggy and overhanging, their jaws protruding and cruel, their teeth fang-like and sharp. Ease and grace of movement and lithesome carriage of body gave way to a clumsy, lurching swing. The voice, once musical and resonant, became gruff and harsh to the ear. Gentility and natural politeness degenerated into roughness and indecency.

We speak of the fall of man as being sudden and abrupt. Theoretically it was. In reality it was, if we think of only the beginning of the fall. There was a sudden falling of man away from his original position, but the fall did not end as abruptly as it began. The history of the world is the history of the fall. The fall has been long and drawn out. Down, down, down, and farther down has gone the human race. Only the coming of Christianity checked the general downward trend. Without the bouyant influence of Christianity the whole race would have gone down so infinitely deep into the blackness of degeneracy that this world would long since have been literally incorporated with hell.

It is hard, in fact, it is utterly impossible for us to conceive of how low down, as a race, we actually are. Could we but look upon and understand Adam and Eve in their unfallen condition, we would stand aghast at ourselves. We would shrink

and draw back from beholding our miserable plight. We have been cursed and cursed and cursed. We have been twisted and warped and blasted until our natural, mental, moral, and physical condition is appalling. Morally, in our natural state, we are veritable imbeciles—utterly incapable, without supernatural help, of saving ourselves. Physically we are sorely blighted and infirm.

Truly, the world needs saving—in one sense saint and sinner alike. I speak in respect to restoration of mankind in general to its unfallen condition. In this sense even the saved need saving, and they need it badly. Does the Christian imagine that with being saved, the work of salvation in him is finished? Let us think for a moment.

In our testimonies we Christians say we are glad we are saved. Now, how and from what are we saved? Saved from sin, to be sure. Delivered from the direct, abiding power of the devil. This implies a sudden deliverance, a new birth. But with this being saved—I wish to impress upon your minds—the work of our rescue is by no means at an end. It has just begun. Considering our minds, our wills, our natural moral forces, and our bodies, as I have said before, we have little to boast of yet. We are going up to be sure, but to reach the original state of human perfection, we still have a long, long distance to go. We are beset and burdened with multitudinous infirmities. They hang on to us in our upward mount

like stringing, straggling muckweeds and moss out of a foul and slimy pit. The best of us, considered in our natural state, are really wretched: not that we are sinful, but that our former sins and the sins of our fathers and forefathers and our progenitors for thousands and thousands of years back, have told on us. They have done their work. Our bodies and minds and characters and dispositions and manners all unite to tell the horrible tale of sin.

Saved? Yes. Washed in the blood of Jesus? Yes. Even sanctified. Yet our minds are still deranged. Our judgment is sadly defective. We are still more ignorant than we are wise. We still have to contend with inordinate desires and combat intemperate propensities. Death still works in our bodies, lodging as it does in our sin-depleted organisms. Whereas we should live on and on indefinitely, we all die young. We lack common sense. We blunder and make mistakes continually, and constantly fall into perplexity and confusion. We do not even know how to take good care of ourselves. Our physical senses of sight, smell, taste, feeling, and hearing are numb—some more than others. Some are so faulty as to lead us ever into danger—and even when they tell us the truth, our minds are too sordid to respond in any proper sense.

Beside these things, our ideals are generally low. I mean our ideals of beauty and harmony and cleanliness and refinement. We are satisfied

with awkwardness and clumsiness and rudeness of manner and carriage of body. We are indifferent about casting off unbecoming habits and disagreeable traits of character. Thousands of years of sinful ancestry have made us tolerant of all kinds of base and menial things that belong to the fall. Some of us are far, far worse than others. But this difference is so only in proportion to the degree of spirituality that we have. We are all bad enough, God knows. Only the Millennium will reveal how bad the best of us are.

But the more spiritual among us are the less indifferent to these things. In the degree that we possess the spirit of Christ, do we desire to improve and approach perfection.

We are deluded and misled if we imagine that the salvation of Jesus Christ provides only for a single phase of redemption—namely, that of our soul, as it is generally understood. God never intended to save our souls and let our minds and bodies go to the devil. The salvation of Jesus Christ provides for all-round improvement. He is a poor Christian who does not see this. Under the influence of salvation the spirit, soul, and body should rise gradually and steadily toward the original state of human perfection.

That any of us will ever reach that place in this life is manifestly impossible. To expect it would be too much. It is sufficient that our downward trend has been halted and that we are heading and going in the other direction. It is grand and

glorious if, like St. Paul, we are forgetting the things that are behind and are reaching forth unto those things which are before.

What I have aimed at in this discussion is to stir up in the hearts of my hearers an indefatigable purpose to improve as Christians in every legitimate manner possible, and to ask God by His superabounding grace to make improvement possible. Also I have tried to show the purpose of the church as the foremost agent of Christianity to uplift mankind generally. To this end does it train missionaries and maintain schools. When once the church has saved a man's soul, its work with him has just begun. Never, never while it exists will the church be able to say that its work is finished, even among its own most active members, let alone in the unregenerate world at large.

SERMON XVI

ARE YOU DEAD OR ALIVE?

HERE are two types of things in the earth—earthly, or material things, and heavenly, or spiritual things. The earthly things we can feel with our hands, see with our eyes, hear with our ears, taste with our tongues, and smell with our noses. As to our manner of perceiving heavenly things, perhaps we can better say what it is not, than what it is. We do not feel heavenly things, or see them, or hear them, or smell, or taste them in the ordinary physical sense, but we nevertheless do perceive them some way.

I have enumerated the five senses,—the five guides and teachers of life, the faculties which every normal man possesses that enable him to meet and get acquainted with the world. Take one of these faculties away from a man and there is one phase of life which becomes a closed book to him. Suppose you deprive him of feeling at birth, and he will never know rough from smooth, wet from dry, hot from cold, in short, pleasure from

pain. Deprive the man of all his faculties and the whole world would be a closed book to him,—for the world has five ways and only five ways in which it presents itself to us. It says, "If you can't *taste* me, nor *see* me, nor *smell* me, nor *hear* me, nor *feel* me,—there is no use: you and I are sworn strangers; you might as well get off the earth."

The truth of the matter is that if a man has none of these five faculties, he is *as good as dead,* and he might as well be turned over to mother earth for remaking.

Yet when we stop to consider how persistent nature is in teaching and revealing herself to us, we are amazed at her sympathy for us when we lack. Peradventure, a man is blind: nature says, "I will make him more alert, and quicken his other senses, so that things which he might have missed before with all his senses, he will now get with one lacking." We all are aware of how proficient some blind men become, how they can do some things better without eyes than other men can do with them.

In truth, some people who do not have all of their senses live much fuller and more complete lives than the majority of people do who are all "togged out" with them. Jesus says of the latter, "They have eyes, and see not, ears, and hear not."

For the first type of people we have sympathy, but for these stupid, imbecile, blind, and deaf people who have good eyes, and good ears, alas!

If everybody were like them, the world would make no progress whatsoever. Nothing would ever be discovered or invented; no new thought would ever be pondered. Life and history would be as monotonous as a tread-mill in which a blind horse daily makes his rounds.

Had all the world been like these people, the five oceans could have gone up in vapor, leaving their beds as dry as a frying-pan, without a Stevenson ever thinking of a steam engine. All the electricity in the heavens could have burned out in zig-zag flashes before men's eyes, and no Franklin would ever have discovered it. All the waters of the great rivers that come tearing down out of the mountains, leaping over cataracts, and rolling furiously through the plains, could have tumbled the last drop of their colossal energies into oblivion, and men would still be grinding flour with their hands and weaving with big clumsy sticks. All the apples of earth's fair orchards could have fallen and rolled away forever and no Newton would have thought of gravity. And gravity could have literally pulled itself to pieces and thrown the pieces away and nobody ever would have known the difference.

As intelligent as men sometimes seem to be, it is amazing to think how long they have lived in utter stupidity and listlessness. I can imagine electricity ripping and tearing the sky in anger because men persisted so long in ignoring it. I can imagine the water roaring with rage, or

laughing in contempt because men so long persisted in its presence, on its very shores, to do so laboriously what it could do so easily. I imagine these great giants crying out, "Oh, if men would only let us grind and weave and run their errands and do their heavy labor for them!"

And now that some men have discovered these giants and hitched them up, others of us are none the wiser for it. If it had been left us to do, the world had still been in a sorry plight.

I come now to a more important phase of this subject. As truly as there is sight and hearing and smelling and tasting and feeling, to aid us in understanding the physical world, there are other faculties which interpret for us the spiritual world. The difference between them and the physical faculties is that, ordinarily, they are undeveloped because of lack of usage. The preference is generally given to the physical senses, because they are so conspicuous.

Many people, instead of leaving unused their five physical senses, go to the other extreme,—that is, they stake all of life's meaning on what they can see, hear, smell, taste, and feel. Such people may be called *materialists*. They never see beyond the material things, and swear there is nothing else to be seen. In short, they never seem to sense anything of the unfeelable, unseeable, untasteable, unsmellable character that other people seem constantly to be conscious of.

The latter type of people are said to be *spirit-*

ual in nature. To them the material world is not the only and ultimate thing. They perceive that it is in truth but a veil behind which a more real, substantial world is hidden. To them the former shows signs of decay, and seems of a passing nature. The other they conceive of as unchangeable and eternal. And many times this spiritual reality impresses itself on their consciences more definitely than the others, the physical world, meantime, seeming vague and mysterious.

At times in my own experience I have found myself most strangely carried away in feeling, or transported—vainly trying to grasp at something which seemed pervadingly near, and yet eternally vanishing. Sometimes in a given scene the winds whisper it, the waters reflect it, and all voiceless, noiseless natural objects seem to express it. They seem but an outward manifestation of it. But when I concentrate my natural senses of ear or eye on them, lo, the phenomenon is gone—as if I were treading on forbidden ground.

This is not to be wondered at, for the Bible tells us that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. These spiritual things are high and sublime; the senses cannot grasp them. They belong to the kingdom of God. Only he who is spiritual can appreciate them. The great difficulty is that flesh and blood dominate the human race, and render men beastly.

Beastly is right; for if men are governed only by their physical senses, and their higher faculties

are dead, what can they boast of over the animal?

The general state of mankind in regard to spiritual discernment is deplorable. How stupid, how blind, how deaf, how tasteless, how feelingless the majority of men are! The world is full of dead men. Speaking of spiritual things, they do not know rough from smooth, near from far, bitter from sweet, right from wrong.

They are constantly confusing the true with the false, the just with the unjust. They cannot detect the presence of evil when it affects a beautiful appearance. The wolf in sheep's clothing is as good as the sheep to them. They are blind and they are led by the blind, and they and their leaders will all fall into the ditch. They walk right into the gaping mouth of hell. They unhesitatingly gulp down any pill of false religion or philosophy that comes, be it from the universities or the churches, and know not that it is poison.

They are incapable of smelling, and do not know when they are in the presence of dead bodies, especially the kind that fill the apostate churches.

They are content with old, crystalized forms, lifeless ceremonies, and defunct creeds. They have never tasted the nectar and ambrosia of spiritual beings. The Bible says they are dead.

The question is: are you dead or alive?

SERMON XVII

"I SAID, YE ARE GODS"

MUSINGS NEAR AN OPOSSUM'S HOLE

"Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods?" (John 10:34).

T was a cold, bleak December afternoon. Nature and the world seemed a little heartless for some reason or another. The trees were bare, the fields naked and chilled, the winds biting, and the very old red sun himself seemed but a big feelingless ball rolling in a sea of icy air midst frosty clouds as he bent his downward course. The woodland with its tall elms and hickories stretching out their long, frozen, leafless arms whereon not a bird sang nor even a squirrel frisked, presented a melancholy picture. The old cherry tree, recently a little paradise of beauty and full of luscious fruit that hung in bead-like clusters midst leafy cloisters, now stood mute and uninviting. Not an insect winged its humming flight or stirred on blade or stalk. In fact there was no blade but that of a withered summer, no stalk but the

seared, blasted stumps of corn that not long since waved and bowed proudly to the passing breeze.

Being a little heavy in spirit, I sighed as I looked on the desolation about me, and wondered for a while if the tale of life did not after all end with emptiness and gloom. Mind you, it was but my musings. Do not take me too seriously here. We have all had such experiences; they are part of life.

For a while I seemed set apart from life to look upon it as a spectator in loneliness and quietness. In the distance I heard the noise of the railroad trains, and saw their clouds of white steam floating in streams and tufts in the crystal air. These signs of life and bustle made me realize in my loneliness that the world was still moving on.

Then the question came, Moving where? in a useless, bootless course to disappointment and ruin? I looked again at the big sun that seemed to roll so indifferently on day after day, counting its diurnal revolutions while the tragic tale of this world is in the telling, not unlike the women of France during the Revolution, who, as they sat knitting, counted the clicks of the guillotine as it chopped off the heads of human beings.

All that seemed tragic in the past few years came before my memory. I saw the shadows of friends once dear to us who had gone from us (in truth, because they were not of us), out into the night of delusion and sin. Their stories had bright beginnings, but alas! And I thought of mis-

fortunes in general and exclaimed, "Yea, old sun, you drag in your trail, as you make your daily revolutions, a terrible train of vicissitudes! Men, nations, and civilizations have come and gone, have risen high and fallen low in your time."

These thoughts made me sigh again. I had a feeling that I would like to retreat from the life and vicissitudes of human beings for a while.

I was now walking across the withered old potato field and there I found a hole in the ground, perhaps a raccoon's or an opossum's! Why not be an opossum, thought I, and enjoy his retreating, retiring life, and live in a hole! Why not quit the abodes of civilized man? They are comfortable, but alas, the trouble that comes with being a man! Think of the changes, the temporal misfortunes, the sorrow of death, the hard, cruel crises in individual and social life! Think of war and everything else that is terrible that an opossum knows nothing of!

Now I knew that I could not change myself into an opossum, and that the least I could do would be to crawl into his hole and live, and thus separate myself from all the perplexities and troubles of civilization in sweet, retreating solitude. But when I thought further of crawling into that hole to live, I began to realize that I could not live in a hole; or at the most, could not live there happily.

Then suddenly I seemed to awaken out of my reveries. Why, I am a man, thought I, and I am not supposed to live in a hole! I am supposed to

have a more diversified life than this,—a more complex existence, a more sublime life than an opossum. Why should a being who is all but a god change his sublime life for that of an opossum, simply because an opossum does not meet with so many diversities, so many intellectual and moral difficulties as he does? And besides, thought I, an opossum too has his troubles.

People say when oppressed with the troubles of life, "Oh, I wish I were a bird or a squirrel, and could live that same care-free life that they live!" But wait, I say, don't be too anxious to change. After all it is just as hard for the birds and animals to live their little, meager, crude life as it is for us to live our great, complex, and effulgent life.

Think you that the little animals have no troubles? To be sure, it would be sweet to be a bird and sit on a limb in May and sing blithesome songs; but know you not that the little bird must labor for his daily bread, must care for a family, must combat with all the adversities of storm and famine and cold, and must sometimes see his offspring ruthlessly killed or stolen? So likewise all the lower creatures. Let us cease, then, to envy the lot of the beasts and the fowls. Remember that Nebuchadnezzar was temporarily given the privilege of living the life of a beast for the sake of punishment.

But come now to consider the lot, and the fortune of man. Let us stop to know and to identify ourselves. Let us gather ourselves together for a

moment; call up our powers, summon our immortal attributes of intellectuality and spirituality, our free moral agency, and our knowledge of right and wrong! Is it a wonder that the Psalmist said, "Behold, ye are gods"? Is this far-fetched? Ah,no!

Go back to Genesis for a moment and view the situation before and after the fall. I say that through the fall, horrible though it may have been in its general consequences, came a stupendous and sublime endowment upon man, which, if used rightly, results in the greatest blessings that could possibly be conferred upon a human being. The serpent was aware of this and prophesied truthfully to Eve when he said, "In the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Therefore, when man fell, *it was as if he fell into a place of awful responsibility, and awoke to find himself a sovereign, free moral agent; in truth, a god, knowing good and evil, capable of supernatural powers, and given the prospect, according to his own decision, either of being elevated to the very throne of God, of wearing a crown of glory, and of shining as the stars of heaven, or of being damned in the lowest hell to be made partaker of the infinite curse, doom, and banishment of a fallen archangel.*

Now therein, may be a new interpretation of the fall for you. Had not man fallen, he would indeed have lived a life of blissful innocence and purity, enjoying as a favored creature of God all

that an uncursed world could afford. But mind you, he could never have aspired to the grandeur and reward of a redeemed saint,—like Paul, who, after fighting a good fight and finishing his course received a crown of life,—nor would he have had the privilege of entering into the Holy of Holies, nor of being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, nor of singing the song of Moses and the Lamb; nor, in short, of enjoying any of those things that God's angels themselves desire to look into.

This is a very optimistic view to take of the fall; but why not? It is our duty to look upon it in such a manner that we will make the most of it, inasmuch as it happened and we cannot change it.

I wish that you would picture man—godlike in his aspect—standing in his awful place of responsibility, dickering with God and eternity, with the scissors of free moral agency in his hand ready to cut the threads of his own fate! Behold a world of material realities and of other living creatures all perishing beneath Him and passing into oblivion, while his soul strains away at the mortal cords that hold it, to go, when they are cut, either down into the bottomless abyss of damnation, or up to the delectable hills of eternal redemption! And behold! if it falls, the trail of wretched mortals that it may through its influence drag with it to share its doom; or if it ascends, behold the train of redeemed souls it may trail with it to share its bliss!

Think of a creature so great and wonderful

that when it fell, its state were hopeless, had not the very omnipotent God transformed himself into a fleshly image like its own and died on the cross.

The question is: Are you swaying this god-like scepter of free moral agency rightly? Are you undecided, fearful, or indifferent about your decision? Know you well that when you face these questions of *sanctification,* of abandoning yourself to God's will, of being the dwelling place of His Holy Spirit, you are not dealing with trivial matters. Nay, it is not a vow to make under a thoughtless impulse, a thing of momentary feeling, accompanied, though it may be, by a little flushing of the face, a clinching of the hands, and of beating one's breast at the altar! It involves a conscious struggle with eternal issues.

If people realized this there would not be nearly so much shallow work in revival meetings. Life is a very serious matter, but is not understood to be such by the majority of the people. Too many look upon it as a comedy, and suppose that somehow or other affairs will turn out well for them whatever course they pursue. They forget that they are self-determined "gods," and not mere puppets of fate. Alas, they are playing with tragedy! It is not hard to take the downward course. Nor does a man have to make much of a conscious decision to damn his soul. Mere neglect or indifference with regard to the great problem of eternity may incur the most fatal consequences: for the fall of a man is the fall of a god.

SERMON XVIII

AMBITION—PERVERTED AND LEGITIMATE

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. 4:18).

BELIEVE you will agree with me in saying that in some senses we should not lay too much stress on this life, or expect too much of it. According to our desires and ideals, it is entirely insufficient and inadequate. We cannot experience all the good and grand things that we may wish. Our ideals are generally utopian; they cannot be realized in this world. We strive for certain glorious ends, as the ship strives to catch the ever receding horizon. We shall never reach our fulness, even as do the animals. The lion, big, kingly, and majestic, sometimes has a far-off look in his eye; but it is after all an earthly look. He prowls restlessly through the forest in search of prey; but let him find it and have his fill, and he

will lie down in sweet contentment. Even the great eagle that, pent-up, gazes away to the far-off peaks, has no desire beyond the peaks—his longing is earthly. Not so with man: let him gain all the world can offer, and he will still want more.

We all have deep yearnings and longings which our hopefulness and optimism tell us we may some day see satisfied. But how true it is—I ask the older members of this congregation to confirm my statements—how true it is, I say, that the stream of life drifts by year after year without washing at our feet the objects of our dreams! With unsatisfied longings men finally grow weary, and wonder if there is not some other bigger and better world or life than this. I am reminded that even the saints shall not have all their prayers answered in this life, for we read that the prayers of bygone ages are stored in heaven; and are told that the saints of old themselves cry out with a loud voice, saying, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

Note what St. Paul says. He was of the conviction that this life is not the beginning and end of all delights. He says that if in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable. But he contends that in Christ and His resurrection is the hope and guarantee of a new and better life. It was with this in mind that St.Paul endured hardships and was in jeopardy continually for his physical welfare. Indeed, if it were

not for the fact that beyond the horizon of death a grand and glorious star of hope gilded his vision, St. Paul would never have consented to suffer as he did.

Man finds no satisfactory resting place here. His ascent in life is like that of a mountain climber who fain would top the insurmountable peaks of the Himalayas. Always as he looks above he seems to hear the call, "Come higher, come higher!" His vista enlarges as he goes, and he enjoys new delights, but he never reaches the longed-for point. The monkey climbs to the top of a tree, and that is as far as he wishes to go. The bird, when it soars so high, never cares to fly higher. But a man will go as far as he can climbing a tree or a mountain, and then not satisfied, will get himself an aeroplane in which to go higher. And it is very bad for him if the engine goes wrong. The Kaiser's engine went wrong with him after he had begun to imagine himself a mighty potentate ruling over all Europe, and he suddenly found himself an outcast of the world. Alexander, after he had conquered the world, still unsatisfied, wanted another world to conquer, and very shortly suffered a dishonorable, death inflicting defeat by his own dissipation. His engine went wrong.

The Kaiser and Alexander were like all other men in that they possessed great desires, excepting that they possessed them in more than ordinary degree. The trouble with them, as with all

other men who are of like nature, was that they were earthly minded. Their ambitions were perverted and their ideals corrupted. They had turned their glory—using the language of the Bible—into the similitude of an ox that eateth grass.

Now what is man's glory other than that great, elevating impulse within him, that longing which, in reality, is nothing more than the hope of immortality; a fact which most people fail to realize. Herein we find the difference between the sinner and the Christian. The sinner perverts the great, immortal impulse within him, and has all kinds of worldly ambitions, and builds many air-castles. He may get to a certain degree the things he desires; but is forced to cry out sooner or later in dissatisfaction, as did Alexander. But what does the Christian do? He cherishes this hope, and preserves it for immortal satisfaction; for he knows that the world and the lust thereof will pass away. He therefore lives in the world, not being of it.

The Christian has longings, nevertheless. Does he wish to be rich? Yes, but not with earthly, perishable riches. Does He wish to be powerful? Yes, but not necessarily with earthly power. Does he wish to be a king? Yes, a king sitting on the throne with his Father in heaven. Does he wish honor and glory? Yes, but not earthly honor and glory; for they are perishable as the flowers. Does he wish to mingle with high society? Yes, but not with the "Upper Four Hundred" of this world;

he longs for the society of heaven's aristocracy.

The Christian knows too much to choose his good things now. He sees too well that misery and ultimate dissatisfaction go hand in hand with this world's best. The more he sees, the more convinced he is. A little experience in a large city, say like New York, is enough to sicken him with most of the things that the world holds good. In that city, of all places, man's noble aims have been ruined; there he has become a beast; there has his glory been changed to the similtude of an ox, or, to put it more strongly, to that of a hog eating swill. Oh, the degradation of that city. See to what ends people will go in pursuit of money and pleasure! Listen to the grinding, crushing, and groaning of a populace under the whiplash of worldly lusts! Mix in with thieves, grafters, adulterers, and debauches, in the subways and street cars! Read the newspapers, and fill your minds with the subjects of their thoughts and the reports of their wickedness! Surely you will realize that large cities and hell are much alike! Surely you will see the reward of the wicked!

From such a city and such a life the Christian would naturally turn away. He feels out of his element there. Instead of being drawn into the maelstrom of the city's life, he finds himself thrust away by the impulses of a higher and nobler life within him. If he is acquainted with the country, there he longs to be. For there nature in its innocence, beauty, and silence tells him of something

better than the city knows. There he may commune with God undisturbed. There the deep yearnings of his soul, revived and renewed by pious meditations and the sweet, quickening influences of God's creation about him, seem to lure him right into eternity itself. There he may more readily cultivate legitimate ambition and pure ideals.

Would that I could tell you how transported I have often felt when thus communing with God and nature! how, wishing to be free from mortal encumbrance, I have been led to exclaim, "Why can't I leap with the cataract, skim the mountain crest with the swift rays of morning light, rise high above the golden clouds, and plunge deep into the mystic dells of the roaring canons. Why can't I soar above the dizzy peaks like the eagle, and dart through the dashing waters like the trout!"

O, whence these deep longings of the heart! Why so often do we feel that we are on the verge of some unattainable delight! Why so often about to cross the threshold of mortality into forbidden realms of beauty and satisfaction! Why envy the eagle his soaring, the lark his singing, the trout his gamboling, the squirrel his frisking! What is among and behind the mountains that calls away into forbidden realms of mystery and beauty! What is it so high and sublime that the lofty peaks seem almost to touch! What is it about the stars that brings us quiet, rapturous meditation! Why so often do we lie down and gaze dreamily away at the jewel-studded

sky, and follow in our spirit the train of the Milky Way! Is there not in natural things, both animate and inanimate, something that suggests a fuller and more active life, a sublimer state?

O earth, I love to think that with your wondrous sun and gentle moon, your twinkling stars and azure sky, your feathery clouds and golden sunsets, your blue mountains and hoary peaks, your verdant meadows, and green trees, and blooming flowers, and laughing waters, and your vast oceans with their heaving tides,—I love to think that you are but a manifestation of a greater and better world, a celestial world just behind the veil, just hidden from mortal eye, that is waiting to burst upon our vision and to satisfy our souls!

With these thoughts I am confident that the great impulses of my life are driving me in the right direction. Herein is the great hope of immortality that anticipates a glorious future of activity and happiness. In these meditations the star arises for me that guided St. Paul through a life of hardships to the very throne of God. My whole being groans, as does all creation, according to the words of St. Paul, for the time when this mortal shall put on immortality through the resurrection of Jesus Christ. So now, I look not on "things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. 4:18). This is ambition, but it is legitimate, not perverted.

SERMON XIX

DEATH AND LIFE PART COMPANY*

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen" (Luke 24:5-6).

OU recall the circumstances under which the words of the text were spoken. Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James had gone early to the tomb to find Jesus.

When you stop to think about it, is it not rather strange for people to search for Jesus Christ in the tomb? The natural outcome of such a visit is just such a reply as was given by the angels, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" The tomb represents death; Jesus represents life. The two of them can never exist together. Where Jesus is, there is no tomb. Where a tomb is, there is no Jesus.

Men are coming more and more to know that death and life cannot go together, that they are indeed sworn enemies, and that they cannot be reconciled. When people die, however much we

*Zarephath, N. J., Feb. 11, 1917.

may have thought of them, however precious they may have been to us,—though our very flesh and blood, we must carry them away; we must bear them without the camp, be it to a dismal graveyard to be interred in the cold bosom of mother earth, or to an elaborate, gilded tomb. They must go. We cannot keep them under our roof or in our midst. Death puts an impassable gulf between us and them which cannot be bridged except through death itself,—a gulf which it is useless and fatal to try to bridge, at least by holding to the remains of the deceased. When death summons your fellow man, and closes the door behind him, you are shut out; nor can you follow until you are summoned also.

It may seem strange to you to say that death, who seems to stalk about everywhere so brazenly, is after all a retiring, secretive creature. When he seizes a victim, he drags him off into the shadows just as a tiger does his prey. He will not leave him long for the public eye or for the bereaved caress. Death reigns in solitude. His realm is one of silence, deep and grim. He allows not a living foot to stir therein, nor a longing sigh to be heard therein, nor even a weeping eye to gaze therein. Death's realm is one of solemn tombs, and of speechless graves. It is a world motionless and still, where no birds sing, nor winds breathe, nor tongues lisp.

And, peradventure, if you would hold to some new subject of his scepter, be it husband or wife,

mother or father, brother or sister, son or daughter, and would hesitate to yield him up his own,—beware! death will breed contagion in your midst; he will claim your tribute also; he will make your home a charnel house, a silent tomb.

For this reason it seems that nature has put within man an instinct for burial. There has never been a tribe or people since the history of the world that I know of, be it civilized or barbarous, that has not made it a point to dispose of its dead in some manner, whether it be through religious scruples or fear of departed spirits. This was a fortunate thing for the early peoples of the earth, who knew little of death's aggression through putrefaction and decay; else those peoples would not long have survived.

In this age of the world, however, we are well aware of the results of decay and putrefaction in our midst, both in vegetable and animal bodies, and we accordingly spend millions of dollars for the removal of such dead bodies from our homes and from our cities.

In view of preserving the life of its people, New York City has the colossal and costly task of ridding itself of garbage, sewage, and other waste. Let the sewage pipes get clogged, or let the garbage men go on a strike for a few days, and New York would soon be in the grip of a plague far more serious and fatal than all the dreadnoughts of Europe combined. But with all its efforts to dispose of sewage, New York now sees that it

must adopt a better and more efficient scheme. For heretofore, much of the sewage has been carried out to sea in barges, and it is found that the winds and the waves, as if in the hands of death itself, persist in washing it back into the river and about the water's edge.

Now I can apply all that I have said about death in the physical sense to death in the spiritual sense. In this realm of activity, death is much more to be feared; for although men are quite ready to do him obeisance in the physical world, and are ready to go to any expense or effort in rendering up to him his dead and decaying natural bodies, they seem absolutely destitute of any instinct for the removal or burial of the spiritually dead. For this kind of death men have few graveyards or tombs. Dead, rotting, putrefying, contaminating bodies lie around everywhere,—in the people's hearts, in society, and especially in churches. The result is that the whole body of social life has become a mass of putrefaction, and the breath of spiritual contagion pervades the air.

The cause for this deathly condition of the church today is simply in the fact that when a dear member, say Brother Jones, "backslides" and loses his spiritual life, no funeral service for the corpse is held; no undertaker is hired; or to put it in other words, no solemn assembly is called, and no prayer meeting is held. Instead, the old corpse lies around, perhaps in the pew or in the pulpit,—and soon somebody else is found dead about the church

somewhere; then two or three more, and so on. And, all being left tenderly where they lay, the whole church soon comes to reek with putrefaction; so that no spiritual person can go within seeing and smelling distance without having to hold his nose. And if some poor member can no longer stand the situation and sends in his letter, the people all cry "Fanatic" and, "Come-outer." Or, peradventure, if he makes an effort to bring about a revival in the church, the people all cry out, "You sit down! You be quiet! We like this smell; we love these old bodies, and we would not disturb them for anything! Why, just think, if you buried Mrs. Brown, the Ladies' Aid Society would go to pieces, and if you buried Mr. Jones, the church financies would go to smash! and you dare not touch the preacher, he is such a dear, lovely man,"—corpse though he may be.

Ah, yes, Christ has risen from that old tomb of a church long ago. You needn't go there to find Him. Christ and death do not remain together under a church steeple, in a human heart, or any where else. When death raises his scepter in your heart, Christ takes His departure. Christ is life in all of its meaning: He is the opposite of death. He is on one side of the gulf, and death is on the other. Should you let death into your heart, whether it be in the lusts of the flesh or the pride of the eye, or in jealousy, or in greed or envy, or in anything whatsoever that pertains to sin, Christ will go from you.

SERMON XX

LIFE—DO YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT?*

"The man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. 2:5-6).

NE night I asked myself this question, "What have I done for the world, and what can I do for the world?" I did not feel that I had any gratifying answer to give myself. It seemed to me that up to date I had done very little. I wondered after all what it really means to live a successful life.

How should I live? I have but one life to live; I have but one body to give. So with us all. Every one of us has a body and a certain number of spiritual and intellectual faculties which God has bestowed upon us. The question is, "What are we going to do with them?" I suppose that we can nurse these bodies of ours, and cherish them, and preserve them, that they may not die. We can put them in a cradle and tenderly rock them. Probably with a great deal of self care some of us

*Zarephath, N. J., June 18, 1916.

can stretch out our existence a few years longer than other people; but after all to what end was it that we lived?

Oh, just to live, merely to live, like the aristocracy of the old world, a great burden upon society; like the opulent, self-indulgent rich with bloated bodies and pampered sentimentalities! When an individual of that type dies, the world is one better off.

Picture to yourselves a person who has decided to care just for himself and to save his own life. *Himself* is the uppermost thing in his mind. He has no further aim in life than to live for himself; he never hears the cry of a needy world. He is self-centered, and is like the great octopus that reaches out his many arms and pulls things to himself; a great, insatiable being. God deliver us!

Did it ever occur to you that life itself can become a burden to the world? Trees that are barren, though they are alive, cumber the ground. People who live as parasites or as suckers that grow up on the side of corn stalks, are just as great a burden to society as barren trees are to the ground.

The question remains: How are we going to live lives of success and usefulness in this world? Did you ever stop to think of how the world cherishes the memory of the persons who offered all they had to humanity and came down to die exhausted? The world has never to date cherished the memory of anybody who has lived merely for

himself. We have the story of Napoleon. Though he obtained control of millions of people, having drawn many empires to himself, there is no one today who pays a loving tribute to his memory. When he was on the little island of St. Helena, he endeavored with all his might during the remaining years to embellish the story of his life by writing a beautiful autobiography, so that the people of France, Russia, and Germany would tell the story to their children from generation to generation. But Napoleon could not make his life sublime by writing stories about it. The life that does the most is the unassuming life. It is the life that says, "O God, O needy world, take me, use me, here I am."

Did you know that there is not a person living in whom the great instinct of mercy, however much he has crushed it down, does not sometimes rise up and say, "You were born to live for others?" But alas, the majority of men today have almost killed that philanthropic instinct out of their lives. They little realize that in it lies the secret of success and happiness.

I once read the story of a little boy who had been burned in some manner, and in order to save his life the doctors had to have some fresh, new, human skin for him. They looked the town over for someone who would give a little strip of skin for the boy, but no one would do it. Finally the little boy's brother found a playmate and said to him, "We can do it. Let's us give the skin. You give

some, and I will give some." And they did. During the operation one said to the other, "Does it hurt, Jimmy?" Jimmy, straightening up, answered, "Not a bit, Willy." Then said Jimmy, "Does it hurt, Willy?" and Willy said, "Not a bit, Jimmy." Those two little boys were not looking for popularity; they had big hearts.

I once heard of a man in the Orient in a city where the streets are so narrow that one can reach out of a window on one side and touch the window on the other side. A fire having broken out in one of the buildings, this man heard of two little boys in the upper story whose lives were in peril. The firemen were cowards, and no one else would volunteer to save them. So the man rushed up the stairs of the building on the other side, leaned out of the window, and stretched his body over into the window of the burning building. Then he told the boys to crawl over on his back. By the time they had gotten over, the flames had so taken hold of him that he was unable to get back again himself. And so he died there, a human bridge for the boys to cross on to safety. That man would probably never have been heard of had he not done this heroic deed. It is true he lost his life. He undoubtedly had expected to live for years and years and had great ambitions. To lay his life down in this manner would seem utter failure; nevertheless, he did it. Adhering to one's own ideas and ambitions is not always the best thing. Self-sacrifice is the keystone to success.

A little girl was once sent on an errand; and her way led across a great, hot desert. She did not know why she had been sent or how far she was going. Her feet were burned and her tongue was parched; but she toiled on, and finally reached the other side. She looked around, and here came another little girl tripping gleefully along; and she said, "How is it that you came across so happily?" "Oh, I just followed in your footsteps, and I didn't have any trouble," was the answer. The first little girl thus learned what it means to be a help to others.

I am going to tell you of a little experience that I had out West. On one of our trips into the Rocky Mountains we had my cousins, the Bridwell children, with us. As we made our way up a certain canon, we could not withstand the desire to climb a certain peak which loomed up beside us. We saw eagles soaring about its crest, and envied them. We longed to be high ourselves. So we started up this mountain. Some of the party went ahead. I had my little cousin, Charline, with me, and we did not climb so fast. Charline is a brave little lady, and was as ambitious as we were. When we had gotten up the hill a great distance, she became tired, and said, "I want to sit down here and rest. You can go on a little way." I left her, thinking I would catch up with the others of our party and then return to her. But the pull of the lofty crags above got the best of me, and I almost forgot Charline. The growing passion to

ascend the heights ahead all but drove Charline from my consciousness. We climbed on and on, and the crags seemed to say, "Come higher, come higher." A mountain climber is never satisfied until there is nothing but the blue sky above him. It grew late, and the mountain winds arose and the eagles disappeared. Finally, I stood on a high crest and looked out on the plains with a feeling of delight. But suddenly I heard a distant wail midst the whistling of the winds about us and the roaring of the cataracts beneath us. Someone said, "That is Charline." We were hundreds and hundreds of feet above the little girl. What could have happened to her? I thought of falling rocks and even of wild animals and eagles; but I didn't stop to think long. Again and again came the wail. I plunged down over the mountains like a wild ram, leaving the rest of the party far behind. They could not keep up with me. How I ever escaped with my life as I precipitated myself down over crags and boulders, I do not know! After what seemed to be the longest time, I came across the frail, little girl crouched between two big rocks. With the sight of me her crying ceased. Two big tears dropped from her eyes and a most touching effort to explain herself to me ensued. "I thought I heard bears growling, and I thought the eagles were after me. I laughed, and I laughed so hard that I cried; and well, I didn't know what I was doing," she said. I grasped her in my arms and said to myself, "This is what it means to find a lost

sheep on the mountainside." Charline was no longer afraid. Her big cousin had her now; and she chatted and laughed in perfect happiness. But I was perturbed for three or four hours afterward, owing to my strenuous descent over the rocks. I felt what it means to risk one's life as the Christians of all ages have, on the rugged mountainside —the wild mountain of sin with its frowning crags and dangerous precipices—to find the poor lost sheep that has gone astray, terrified and tormented by evil and the devil.

Just so at one time the world cried on the mountainside of sin. A world had gone astray and found itself lost and without a shepherd. A lost world saw the lightnings of infinite wrath scathing the peaks above it, and heard the thunders of judgment reverberating around and about it—a world before whose eyes flitted the terrifying spectacles of evil forebodings, and at whose feet yawned the abyss of hell. The world cried and the cry reached the ears of the Son of God. Did He hear? Did He come? Yes, He came from the highest heaven to the lowest hell. Was His descent perilous? Ah, yes. See Him, a babe borne hastily into Egypt away from the murderous Herod. See Him making the awful descent of the wilderness. Note the lightning flashes of evil threatenings as they play about the rocks in His path. Hear the mad winds and rolling thunders of persecution that rended His ears and His heart. See Him making the per-

ilous descent in the Garden of Gethsemane where a little slip of the hand or the heart meant destruction both to Him and the world He was trying to save. See Him as He approaches Calvary midst blackness and gloom. Ah, it was here He must come! It was here the wail of a lost world called Him! Behold Him suspended there between earth and sky—the last and most fearful and painful step in His awful descent. Now hear the cry as His voice rings out over the mountains into the ears of all peoples and nations, "It is finished!" Hear the millions as they respond, "All the world may now go free!"

If Jesus Christ had spared Himself He would have been no Jesus Christ. If He had pampered His own feelings, the world would never have had a Redeemer. If He had said of the cross, "It is not for Me to bear; I am no criminal," the world would have perished. Though He had never sinned in word or thought or deed, He submitted to criminal treatment that criminals might be freed.

Ask yourself this question, "How am I going to live?" Have you done anything yet for God or the world? Will you be a parasite and a burden to the world; or will you be a blessing? One life to live; one body to give. You cannot keep them for yourself. Let them be Christ's who died that all might live.

SERMON XXI

SOLOMON WAS RIGHT

"What profit hath a man of all his labor * * * under the sun?" (Eccl. 1:3).

HE longer I live, the more I am convinced that this world is not complete. I have come to feel that it is not well rounded out, not properly balanced, that it is lop-sided, clumsy, and unstable. To me, at times, it is something in the making, an unfinished product. Sometimes, on the other hand, it seems to be something worn out; for instance, an aged pump that gives very little water, in proportion to the effort you make, and a great deal of wheezing. It is like an old bucket with its bottom rusted out. It is like an old-fashioned gun that shoots in any direction but the one in which you are aiming, and kicks you over to boot. It is like a hammer that is always flying off the handle.

Now perhaps you are ready to accuse me of reading Solomon, and imagine I am full of his text, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity,"—and you

are probably right. I am pretty much convinced, young-blooded though I be, that, as far as this old world is concerned in itself, it is not worth the trouble that most people are taking with it. It is the most unreliable, indefinite, treacherous old thing that you can get your hands on. It is always doing just what you don't expect it to do. Just you lay a few plans for tomorrow or next week and see how the old world will come in like a billy-goat and smash them up for you. Just you be a learned college professor and write a book about what the old planet is going to do socially or politically or geologically in the next year or two, and see how she will sail off on a tangent as if she never paid any attention to you and your book. I dare any of you to say to the world, "This is the way, old fellow, walk ye in it," and expect it to do it. You might as well grab a whale by the tail and try to steer him across the ocean. The world is like an old hog that is always getting through the fence right in the spot that you have patched your best. Some time ago men had the war hole all patched up to perfection, but the first thing they knew the old hog was out and running all over the country. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!"

One night, after the whir and stir of a high, rough day, I found myself landed in my room, like an old ship in a harbor after a stormy voyage. All was quiet. I was looking out of the window. Night was just laying her blanket of darkness

over everything, and was saying, "Now go to sleep." For some reason or other, I fell to deep meditation, and found myself asking such questions as, "Where have we come from, what are we here for, and where are we going?" "Old world," I said, "can you answer that question?" "No," said the old world, "they've been asking me that question for six thousand years." But I really wanted to know and so got my own thinker to working some at the problem. "Now," I said to myself, "as far as today is concerned and what I have done and what other people have done—I cannot see that this day has thrown any light on the situation. As for me, I have been sucked into the whirlpool of action, and there I have whirled, now banging into this thing or that fellow, now being twisted this way or that way; and now that we have come out of it, none of us seem any the better off by it. One fellow has plowed so many furrows of land; another fellow has shod so many horses. This person has cooked so many meals; these persons have eaten them. And to what end? I'm tired, the other fellow is sleepy. The horses in the stall eating their oats are none the better looking in the ribs after the day's work. What's it all for? Shall I turn to Solomon's 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity?' "

That is just about what I did. "What," you exclaim, "you don't mean to say that honest, hard labor is vanity! That is what makes the world go around!" I know it, but I questioned at that mo-

ment what good it did for the world to go around. As far as I could see, it was just a case of a farmer's raising more corn to feed more hogs, to buy more land, to raise more corn, to feed more hogs, etc., and I felt that unless the world turned for a more serious and a more noble purpose than that, we might as well shut down the throttle and call a halt.

I thought of six thousand years of such materialistic routine. Yea, I saw millions of men of all times fuming and puttering out their days, swelling and dilating and bursting into "vanity." I saw long lines of stately monarchs headed toward the sleeping places of their fathers. I saw all the farmers since Adam delved, plowing their way to the grave. I saw all the women from Eve down making rags for people to wear on their way to the cemeteries. I saw great armies of all nations and times rising against one another like big waves of the sea, and breaking, dissipated into "vanity." I saw whole fleets of merchant ships of all civilizations loaded with their perishable cargoes, plunging over the abyss of oblivion—and still others of today sailing in their wake. I pictured the men of thousands of years ago at the same tricks as those of today, coming home at night peeved because they did not make as much money or kill as much game as at other times, giving their wives "Hail Columbia" because supper was not ready on the dot, batting the children around for being in the way or indulging in mis-

chief, or something else—just blustering, fuming, growling their hours away. And I thought, "Well, Solomon did not miss it after all when he said, 'There is nothing new under the sun.'" Human nature is stubbornly the same. If it is not kicking an old ass for going wrong, it is kicking an automobile. Truly, my friends, all seemed vanity! Why all of this, I thought, just do it over and over again and die?

There is not a sober-minded man but what sometime comes to face this question. The young are less likely to do it than the older people. But as soon as age begins to accumulate its responsibility, as soon as a man sees that all that glitters is not gold, as soon as he sees that the richer he becomes the more oppressed and enslaved he is—then he sits down sometimes and asks himself, "What is the use?"

Now, I came to the conclusion that the reason for this seeming state of vanity is in the fact that the world is out of gear with eternity. It is working for today only. Generally its kings have not ruled, its farmers have not plowed, its women have not sewed, its armies have not fought for eternity. *The world is lost in the day, swallowed up by the day, and damned with the day.* It is most entirely out of connection with the hereafter. Nearly all of the wires and cables between it and the upper world are disconnected. On the other hand, you may rest assured that those connecting it with the underworld are in perfect con-

dition. Beelzebub is on one end and men are on the other; and any world or nation or people or man that takes orders from hell is doomed to disappointment, ruin, and damnation. Beelzebub's business is to make men oblivious to eternity. For this reason the world for six thousand years has sailed under a banner whose letters spell, "Vanity." The word is written on both the tombs of princes and on the graves of paupers. Unless people realize that the world and the lust thereof is soon to pass away, and live for one which is to endure, they will perish with this one. Unless they realize that it is not all of life to live or death to die, the world will sooner or later become a grand source of trouble to them, a maze of perplexity, a slough of despond, a cause of ruin; in short, everything that "Vanity of vanities" means.

The one great conclusion to the whole matter is to fear God and keep His commandments and to do whatsoever you do for the glory of God. (See 1 Cor. 10:31.) Then, every furrow you plow, every stitch you make, every meal you cook, every thought you think, and every step you take, will tell its tale of usefulness in eternity; and moreover, it will afford you real pleasure after all to live in the world.

SERMON XXII

NOTORIOUS SINNERS PRESSED CLOSE TO HEAR HIM

OW the tax gatherers and the notorious sinners were everywhere in the habit of coming close to Him to listen to Him; and this led the Pharisees and the scribes indignantly to complain, saying, 'He gives a welcome to notorious sinners, and joins them at their meals!' " (Lk. 15:1, 2, Wey.) If you stop to think, these statements ought to strike you as strange. *Tax gatherers* and *notorious sinners* pressed close to hear Him! What would there be about Jesus that attracted tax gatherers and notorious sinners, and what would there be in His messages to interest them? You would not be surprised to hear or read of notorious sinners such as might be found in barrooms and gambling dens crowding about some teller of vile tales,—some filth monger, to hear his words. Any human vulture can draw together such as are like him. Wicked men are eager to see and hear wicked things. But here we are told that such were accustomed *everywhere*

*Zarephath, N. J., Nov. 10, 1918.

to press closely around Jesus to hear Him. Did Jesus have any vile tales to tell? Did sinners like Him because He was like them? These men were undoubtedly thieves and liars and murderers and whore-mongers and extortioners and drunkards, in fact everything that is bad. "Birds of a feather flock together." Was Jesus of their feather?

Now the Pharisees complained at this thing. They held that inasmuch as Jesus received and mingled among such men, He must of necessity be something like them, or at least that there was some great inconsistency in His teaching and practise. He argued for righteousness and purity, but He was apparently at home among sinners. Why did Jesus not rather shun the sinners and confine His ministry and sociability to the church-goers and professors of religion?

But we shall get back to the Pharisee later. It is the *sinners* who are interesting us now. Why were the notorious sinners drawn to Jesus? Here a whole saloon is emptied out. The men have all gone out to see Jesus. Here a gambling den is deserted. The men have all gone out to hear Jesus. Here are some thieves planning to rob a house. They turn aside to hear Jesus. Here are some men on their way to the "red light" district. They turn aside to see Jesus. Suppose it had not been Jesus, but some ordinary minister of religion, such as a priest or a Pharisee or a leader of a synagogue? Would all these men have adjourned their

wicked proceedings to see and hear such? I do not imagine so.

But there is something strange about this man of Galilee, something drawing. A sinner usually has a guilty conscience, and he is likely to avoid circumstances which will arouse that conscience. Did the sinners feel any the less guilty in the presence of Jesus? When they stood before Him and His eye was upon them, were their consciences appeased or put to sleep? You would say rather, that the closer they got to Jesus, the more wicked and mean and vile they felt. In the presence of such a pure and righteous being, the thief would think of all the things he ever stole, the liar, of all the lies he ever told, etc. Yet the thieves and liars and gamblers and all the other notorious sinners are drawn to Him.

Zacchæus was a notorious sinner, and he climbed a tree to see this righteous Man. And immediately when he came down, upon standing in the presence of Jesus, he began talking about how he had played the robber. He did not forget at this moment that he was an extortioner. *Strange that men would seek a light that would reveal all their wickedness!*

You might say that such men were driven to Jesus because of His great personality. This I would not deny. It is undoubtedly true. Personality is a powerful thing. It was Jesus' personality. But who besides Jesus ever had such a personality? Find another in history like it.

It makes no difference, for instance, how strong an ordinary judge's personality may be, it is never strong enough to draw criminals *unsummoned* before his bench. But here was a Judge whose eye detected all sin, before whom criminals appeared without summons, and of voluntary motive.

In truth, Jesus must have had a wonderful personality! It was the most powerful force the world had ever seen. The personality of an ordinary man, such as that of Theodore Roosevelt or of President Wilson is stronger than most anything you know. A steam engine is strong, but can it do what a personality can do? Electricity is strong. It will draw or light or pull anything from a needle to a railroad train. But a personality may draw or lift or pull a nation. Jesus' personality was and is omnipotent. He said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." If Jesus were lifted up where men could see Him, His personality would overcome them and draw them to Him. Just a few thousand people will run to see a great man. A world of people will run to see Jesus. The personality of Jesus will finally revolutionize the whole universe.

What made the personality of Jesus so great? It was divine. One look into the face of Jesus Christ would reveal a combination of all that the human race can call good and great in character. When the notorious sinner looked into the face of Jesus, He saw Justice and Mercy and Truth and

Love. He saw *judgment* against his sins there, but he also saw *mercy*. He saw in Jesus a Judge who could read every motive of his heart, but he also saw a Savior who would forgive. In the presence of Jesus the notorious sinners felt that the Judge was not totally against them. In this case, they truly could feel that the Judge, while conscious of their guilt, was on their side if only they acknowledged themselves to be such as they were, and had repentant hearts.

Stirred by the complaint of the Pharisees at His treatment of sinners, Jesus poured forth from His great tender heart, as a rebuke to their selfishness, His immortal parables of "The Lost Sheep," "The Prodigal Son," and, "Lazarus at the Rich Man's Gate."

Oh, how sublime are Christ's teachings! How divine is His personality! Even to this day will not notorious sinners draw near more readily to hear His precious words, just and truthful through they be, than the haughty, self-righteous Pharisee?

SERMON XXIII

THREE REASONS*

HERE are three reasons for being a Christian. The *first* is the desire to avoid hell; the *second* is the desire to reach heaven; the *third* is the desire to be a Christian because the Christian life is the best life to live.

If only the first reason predominates in your mind, you will select most any road going in the opposite direction of hell, regardless of where it takes you, as long as you escape hell. And, inasmuch as there are only two roads that we may select from, according to the Bible, one leading toward heaven, the other leading toward hell, there is no alternative to escape hell but to take the one that leads to heaven. I am not sure but that there are many people who try to live the Christian life without any other reason than the desire to escape hell. They run up the Christian way in about the same manner as a man runs up a tree when a bear is after him, He is not so much aiming to get up the tree, as he is to get *away from*

*Zarephath, N. J., Nov. 5, 1916.

the bear. I suppose that this is a very good reason for running toward heaven. No doubt it is generally the principal reason for a sinner's right-about facing. Pilgrim's first desire was to flee from the city of destruction.

But sometimes the *second* reason comes in also; and we say that we not only want to avoid hell, but that we desire very much to get to heaven. I think that this is the better reason of the two by far. For soon, as seems to have been the case with St. Paul, we are likely to forget the bear behind, and press on for something ahead. This one thing Paul did: he forgot those things which were behind, and reached forth unto those things which were before (Phil. 3:13).

However, merely to live the Christian life in order to reach heaven, is not the noblest thing to do. If it is a question of getting to heaven, and that only, thieves and robbers might be inclined to climb up some other way, as says Jesus. Martin Luther has said, "He that would not serve God unless something be given to him, would serve the devil if he would give him more." But with St. Paul you may be sure, it was not alone a question of getting to heaven. No! St. Paul had a high *calling,* and he lived the Christian life because he loved it, and because it is the noblest and happiest life to live. Herein is the *third* and best reason.

When I was a small boy I received a whipping for not practising my piano lesson. I went swim-

ming one evening instead. Thereafter for some time my principal reason for practising music, was the ever lingering fear of the switch. But soon the time came when the switch went entirely from my mind, and I practised music because I loved to.

Now the switch, or to be plain, the law and punishments, and the thought of hell, may be excellent things to start us in the Christian life, but in time they should be supplanted by love for Christianity in its nobleness and beauty.

It is here that I shall introduce my text proper: "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness" (Ps. 29:2). *The greatest and most noble reason for living a Christian life is that it is a holy, beautiful life.* It is a way that grows brighter unto the perfect day. In Isaiah 35:8, we read that it shall be called "The way of holiness," that no unclean or undeserving thing shall pass over it. It is a beautiful, glorious road that runs straight, and is clear of bad lands. That is to say, it does not run in and out and over and under all sorts of obstructions—pits, bogs, quagmires, abysses, and the like. It is straight and lofty like the shaft of light over which Elijah's chariot went in its ascent to heaven; so that a man on it is not always questioning how he is going to avoid this or that pitfall, but he is occupied with the thought of the glories he has and is to obtain.

I say that if your Chritian life consists merely in avoiding this or that sin, this pit or that bog,

and you are continually running with fits and starts from one side of the road to the other, endeavoring to live up to this rule or that rule for your safety's sake only, you are either not on this glorious way of holiness, or you have forgotten where you are.

Moreover, if preachers and teachers do not magnify the grandeur and beauty of the Christian life, and deal less with its negative aspects and the "Thou shalt not" principle, they will never inspire in their hearers that grand and sublime impulse to attain unto the wondrous glories of Christ's salvation.

If you were to take a class of students to teach them the beauties of art, you would not lead them to a filthy cesspool or a dirty dump ground, and say this is not beautiful; or to a low-down neighborhood in some city and point out how unclean and dirty it is; and thus keep dragging them round among filthy things. No, you would forget those things and take your class out where the beautiful things are. In the same manner, if you wish to teach men more of Christ, you must emphasize the good, and the big, and the best things in the Christian life, and cease talking constantly and solely about the contemptible traits and meanness of the devil and the rottenness of sin. If you would teach people not to set their affections on things of this world, in the meantime you must enamor them with heavenly things. Talk of the good and beautiful things upon which they may

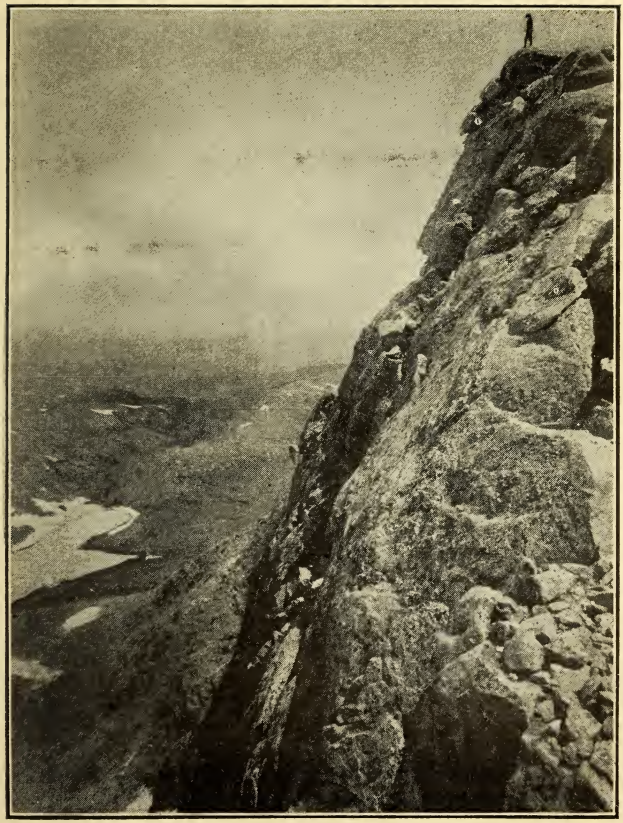
set their affections. Otherwise you will find it hard to lead them to Christ. Read the preachings of St. Paul, and you will find that his mind was constantly on good things, that he had forgotten the things that were behind and did not talk much about them; or, to say the least, was not wandering about looking at them all of the time.

In school we study about the law of suggestion. You may repeatedly tell a child that he is a rogue, and he may come to believe it, whether he is one or not. A young man told a little boy in his house to go to bed, and he did not do it. When the young man found it out, he said, "You are a little sneak." The little fellow answered, "I am not a sneak, but if you think I am, I will be one." The power of suggestion is mighty. You can tell young people that they are sinful so much that some of them will come to believe it whether they are so very bad or not, and they will purposely act sinfully. I do not mean to shield sin, and you need not think I do; for you do not know what I shall preach on next Sunday.

But now a little more about suggestion. Here is a young fellow that comes and looks over a deep, yawning chasm. The chasm has a pull on him,—a sort of suggestion for him to jump over. You had better turn him around and let him see the hill and the beautiful flowers back of him. So I say, turn the poor, weak Christian's eyes in the other direction a while, and you will see him climbing the delectable hills of salvation. Again: here goes a

man down the street; his friends have concluded that as they meet him severally, they will tell him that he looks bad, just for sport. So, as he goes along, one after another meets him with this little story, and soon he will be in bed, though he may have been perfectly healthy a half hour before. You see what suggestion can do.

Now suppose that some person is guilty of terrible sin; how are you going to deal with him? It is just a question of who the person is. To the sinful Pharisees Christ administered cutting rebukes. But here is a woman caught in adultery brought before Jesus by some hypocrites who are hurling sarcasm at her, and are about to stone her. Did Jesus say to her, "You old adulteress, you need to be stoned?" No! after striking hard at the sin in her accusers, who in shame and guilt were forced to leave the place, Jesus asked her,"Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?" Receiving the answer, "No man, Lord," He said, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." I am very much of the opinion that the woman sinned no more. Again: when Jesus met Zacchæus the publican, who had been robbing people of their money, He did not say? "You old reprobate, get down out of that tree; I am going to eat at your house tonight." He said, kindly, "Zacchæus, come down, I am going to dine at your house tonight," thus appealing to the good in Zacchæus. Whereupon Zacchæus must have concluded that there was something good in him



after all, and he answered, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." Thus, all at once, he seems to have forgotten that there was a mean, thievish Zacchæus. At least he suddenly came to feel that there might be a good Zacchæus, and repented accordingly. So when you try to convert a man, it may be best to appeal to the best things in him. *Induce him to step out of his old, wicked life by showing him a new and righteous life.*

It is true, then, that you may use wrong methods, however right your heart may be, in dealing with men. If you lack wisdom, ask of God who giveth to all men liberally. There is no greater opportunity offered for ingenuity than that offered to Christians who are trying to save souls, or than that offered to the church in its efforts to educate men and women, and boys and girls, in the ways of salvation. How I long that the very brightness and glory of holiness will, here at Zarephath, of itself cause sinners to be seized with a desire to imitate our lives! Once this happens, you need not fret much about their quitting their meanness. If you preach whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, as well as think upon them, you will get other people to doing so. If you talk of bad things all of the time, however much you may condemn them, you cannot fail to make men's minds dwell on them.

Further, when a man gets to living this higher,

nobler life, he will not be given to discussions of non-essentials, nor to debating fine, hair-splitting points of doctrine. Nor is he likely to be laying down sets of rules for moral living, expecting as did Benjamin Franklin with his thirteen resolutions, to perfect himself little by little. Rules, forms, and ceremonies make religion perfunctory and obligatory. You cannot imagine Christ turning to a rule or a resolution to find out how to act on this or that occasion. If one does make a mistake, it is the heart attitude that determines whether it is, or is not sin. The principle of the perfect life once implanted in the heart will in time bring about the elimination of questionable habits or practises. Just as an artist hates and avoids what is ugly and unharmonious; so a person with love for holiness will avoid what is wrong and sinful.

So then, when you are running the Christian race, do not be continually counting how many bogs and pits you have missed falling into, and how many sins you have avoided committing, or how many rules you have lived up to, but think of the great blessing you have had in the Christian life, and press on toward the prize of your high calling in Christ Jesus. Some time you will awaken in His likeness. What better aim could you have?

Oh, that men would cut the shore-lines, and quit feeling around in the mud of the bottoms below them, and launch out in the great fathom-

less deeps of salvation! But alas, it seems that many take delight in sailing around among the shoals, in being stalled on the rocks, and in being stuck in the mud. They are always ready to discuss the propriety of a Christian's wearing a necktie, or to strain at some other gnat, while they are swallowing whole caravans of camels. There is nothing more beautiful in all the universe than a well-rounded and consistent Christian life—a life based on the *third* reason.

SERMON XXIV

WHY NEED A CHRISTIAN WORRY?

SUGGESTIONS FROM A TINY INSECT CRAWLING ON A BLADE OF GRASS

"See that ye be not troubled" (Matt. 24:6).

ONE NIGHT as I lay in bed trying to sleep, my mind persisted strangely against my will in thinking the most beautiful thoughts. "Alas!" I said, "How I long to sleep! Yet how I long to think these thoughts!" A tired body was pulling one way, an alert mind was pulling the other way. I imagined myself to be in one of spring's wild gardens of new-born life. In the woods around me the birds mixed their warbles and songs into an enchanting symphony of delightful music. All about me fresh-bloomed flowers nodded their pretty heads to a breeze blowing softly from the south, and in a stream close by a little fish came up to cut a silver arch before the sun. Under my feet the tender blades of grass were shooting boldly up into the sunshine, in the selfsame spot where,

but a short time before, the rigors of a tempestuous winter held their furious gambols.

On one of these tender blades of grass, first up one side and then down the other, crawled a tiny insect, grown and swelled to the fulness of its stature, its little legs burnished by the gentle rays of the shining sun, and its delicate feelers sounding, hopelessly, but confidently, the depths of God's great universe about it,—a little insect on a spot where, but a short time before, one gust of the North's cold breath would have blasted its frail life in an instant. But what knew it of winter's storms, of sunless days, and icy streams, and frozen fields! Its life and time did not call for such tribulation, and why should it worry? What if the blasting should come! Well, poor little bug, it would endure its fate about as courageously as the most of us.

Now possibly you will ask, "What has that little bug to do with your sermon?" Perhaps you would not think it, but sometimes I feel pretty much as if I were a bug myself, and about as insignificant,—my stature is so gigantic, my legs are so colossal, my intellect is so profound: that is, when I come to compare myself with the great universe in which I live! Sometimes I become overawed in contemplation of things other than myself, and feel like crawling under a leaf somewhere to let them alone.

But why, when I come to think about it, should I despair and crawl out of sight because of things

so much greater than I? Why not live my little life? Why not crawl up one side of my little world and down the other? Why not swell and grow to the fulness of my stature, pigmy though it be? Why not use my feelers? They have not much scope, but they can use what they have; so why not tackle, bug-like, my bug-like adversities? As a bug I do not need to hunt a hippopotamus to fight. God will not permit anything to come upon me that I cannot bear. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." There is no temptation that overtakes us but what is common to man; and from every temptation God will provide for His children a way of escape.

We can heartily undertake mastering these common, daily, troubles and hindrances, these infirmities of our nature, these lions in the way, these tendencies to slothfulness that make a man turn on his bed as an old door does on its hinges, these cowardly tremors of fear, these shrinkings of timidity, and the like. All these are in our domain of conquest; all these are in the field of character building. These we must master and can master by God's help. Therein is our responsibility.

But alas! some of us get out of our realm. We begin to worry about those mighty forces in existence, those powers of the spiritual universe, that come tearing down on nations and peoples like the furious northern storms, like the cyclones and hurricanes of the sea, like the simoons of the desert. Believe me, against these it is as useless for

us to contend as to mount the ragged boulders of the storm-beaten cliffs and shake our puny fists in defiance at the jagged lightning that tears great rugged holes in the sky and splits gigantic rocks and rips up aged oaks. One might as well lift the little scepter of one's mandates over Europe's vast fields of chaos and carnage and say, "I command thee to cease."

Ah, no, only Jesus can say, "Peace be still" to these giant powers that ever and anon seize nations and cities and even individuals, and malignantly hurl them into destruction, seeming to spare neither good nor bad! Only Jesus can stop the mouths of volcanoes! Only Jesus can bind up the floods! Only Jesus can pen up the dogs of war! Only Jesus can grapple with the forces of mystery, and the principalities and powers that sometimes beset even the Church, even this one, leaving us in profound perplexity as to the whys and wherefores.

If so, why not resign to Providence its cares? If our life calls for a frail vessel and a tempestuous voyage, why not trust ourselves to Christ? We cannot still the storm! We cannot command the winds to cease! But Christ can! He will not fail, though it be at the fourth hour! And if the sea has rocked us in its turbulent bosom long, Jesus knew it and permitted it.

More and more I am coming to feel that our lives should be those of simple, childlike trust in our Father. More and more I feel that He desires

us to be blithe and happy and alert as children are —not old and sour and melancholy, like monks and nuns. He does not want us to be grim recluses—either by shutting up our bodies or shutting up our minds.

Unless we are childlike we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. A child is not generally a hypochondriac, and it hates straight-jacket forms and ceremonies. It has not acquired an evil eye, nor a mind suspicious of itself and everybody else. It is not always hunting for trouble or pointing out things to stumble over. In fact, the very things that some grown people are constantly stumbling over and growling about, are things of innocent pleasure and inspiration to a child.

The child sees a pretty picture and gleefully exclaims, 'Isn't that pretty?" And then some sour, shriveled-up, disaster-hunting, old person comes along with turned-up nose and says, "The man that painted that was sentimental and foolish; the people that like it are like him!" *Oh, how big the little child is, and how little the big man is!*

Some people seem deliberately to put on glasses that will make everything look contorted and awry and deformed. They are always looking for calamity, are always scanning the horizon for stormy clouds. I suppose such people ought to have trouble. They are sure to get it, anyway.

God forbid that His children should do so! It is not His plan for them. St. Paul said, "Be careful for nothing"; that is to say, "Be not over anx-

ious about anything." And Jesus said, "Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass." This does not mean that we are to be indifferent or careless; it simply means that we are not to worry or despair.

SERMON XXV

NO EASY GOAL FOR MAN—AN ASCENT FOR HEROES*

"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God" (Acts 14:22).

HEN STOPPING to consider the problem of human destiny, man's proper goal seems to have been placed in the most inaccessible spot in the universe. Looking at it from the viewpoint of pessimism, at least, it is as though God had hunted out the farthest and most obscure place in creation for man's destiny and commanded him to find it—notwithstanding the deep gulches, wide morasses, apparently insurmountable mountain ranges, and howling wildernesses that obstruct his path.

No such goal has He fixed for the animals. In fact animals have no goal to find, no path to make, no moral, spiritual, or intellectual morasses, mountains, or wildernesses to surpass. They merely drift with the tide of time, the way of all the earth —to death. With them, it is all of life to live and

* Bound Brook, N. J., Jan. 12, 1919.

all of death to die, and after death no judgment. Animals know no moral standards and have no trouble with a conscience. They are not required to choose between one path and another or to weigh with the balances of right and wrong. As a river flows out into the sea following the dip of the land, slipping without effort into the channels and valleys, so animals wend their way to death.

But with man how different, if he does any better than the beast, if he does not fail! What struggling and battling! what choosing and refusing! what deliberation and contemplation! what accepting and rejecting! "Shall I go this way or that way?" "Shall I do this thing or that thing?" Ever and always he must resolve and decide, must choose and refuse.

And alas! it seems that men most invariably choose the wrong way. Generally they resolve upon the wrong road. They are ever falling into sloughs of despond; they are ever finding the paths that lead into the broad way of destruction. Says the prophet Jeremiah, "It is not in man . . . to direct his steps." It is not that men do not know the general direction of their goal: it is that they do not choose the right way to get there. Rather than keep a direct course, they veer and shun the rugged mountain climbs and avoid the thorny roads. Their tendency is to choose the lines of least resistance. They would rather drift with the tide than to stem it. What causes them thus to miss the goal, to lose

and entangle themselves? It is the heart which is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. So says the Bible!

I have told you that man's proper goal seems almost to be a place inaccessible. But it is not truly so. God never has required too much of any creature. If He provides a way of temptation or of trial or of struggle, He will also provide a way of escape. If the mountain is too high and rugged, if the road is too long and tedious, He has a way to lend us aid—and indeed, if we ever make the goal, He will have to help us all.

Truly, if left to ourselves, we shall all go headlong into destruction. Instead of approaching our proper destiny, we shall go farther and farther away from it all the time. Even so are the millions doing. "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

Why do so many go the broad way? Because it is so wide and roomy and has such a gentle decline. No stumbling-blocks and no thorns and rocks are to be found on it. Satan has paved it smooth and keeps it clean.

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Ah, hear the sound of shuffling feet, as thousands and millions step gayly along on this broad way! They have been fooled into believing that it is a short cut to heaven, and are altogether un-

aware that it is the very road to hell. Nay, the way to life is not broad and smooth and roomy and gentle in decline. It is narrow, contracted, and rough and steep. Only heroes go thereon.

Behold the hero! From the crowd that slips along the easy way, he sees a narrow path that winds into the heart of the mountains. High on a towering crest, kissed with eternal light, he discerns man's proper goal. Far ahead on the broad way he descries darkness and shimmerings of lurking flames, and his ear catches the sound of warning. Out from the masses he steps, a solitary man! On goes the crowd, giddy, listless, and perverse. Turning his eye like an eagle with a far-away look toward the mark of his high calling, he cries, "Life! Life! Eternal Life!" No voice of mortal man or woman can turn him back—not even the voice of wife or child intent to follow in the broad and easy way.

Behold him! With staff and scrip, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and consulting none who would turn him from his purpose, eagerly he pursues his good intent. With steady step and face like flint, he starts his long and dangerous ascent. High, high above him goes his way, into treacherous mountain passes, by dangerous chasms over high and threatening crags—a way strenuous and hard! But the hero falters not. The sun-kissed peak looms still before his eyes. "Excelsior," he cries,—"Higher, higher!" and the mountains echo back to cheer.

And the way is long: for the mountain is high. No easy goal for man! Many there be that turn back therefrom. 'Tis a goal sublime, far, far into the delectable clouds! And the way is lonely and forlorn; for few there be that go thereon. Wild beasts there are, and storms and blasts to turn the traveler back. But on our hero goes, and, ever and anon, when lone and weary, some one accompanies him and gives him aid; drives back the beasts, helps him over the crags, and shelters him from the blast. 'Tis the omnipotent Christ who once trod the way Himself. He now lingers there to aid His beloved followers.

SERMON XXVI

"O THOU AFFLICTED!"

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires" (Isaiah 54:11).

HE only who has known the wild and restless spirit of the sea, who has gone down unto her and heard her, veiled in mist and spray, wailing and mourning in dismal places when the angry winds were worrying the waters and the sky hung dark overhead, can appreciate the poetic force and feeling in the 11th verse of the 54th chapter of Isaiah. "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires."

Isaiah was a poet, as well as a prophet. There can be no question that he had seen the sea. He had stood on its shores and gazed out over its turbulent deep. He had watched the great waves come rolling in and pile monotonously on the beach, or dash furiously against the cliffs. His

ears had been filled with their roarings, and his heart with their yearnings—for the sea is restless and dissatisfied.

More, he had beheld some desolate, dismantled skiff or vessel, tossing helpless and alone near the shore or on the bar—whence his sad, but beautiful picture.

What could possibly appear more wretched than some forlorn, man-deserted skiff or vessel that is left to the mercy of the winds and waves of a heartless sea? It makes one shudder to behold it. Its affliction is awful. It has no rest or comfort, but is continually tossed and lashed and beaten by the waves. It rises but to fall. It rights itself but to be overturned. It rolls and plunges and groans without ceasing. Does it seem to pause; it is only for a moment, as though the vengeful billows would allow it no rest, but must ever continue to brow-beat and torment it.

Alas, the scene! the victim seems all but human and conscious of its terrible distress. Vain, it seems, would it cry for peace. But the waves are sullen and brutal, the winds are persistent and vengeful, the sky is gloomy and threatening. Nor will there be an end to the misery of the desolate vessel until it is wrecked and disintegrated and wasted away; until the sea that knew it knows it no more.

Thus, as Isaiah saw it, was typified in the sea, the sad plight and the dismal hopelessness of a man or woman who has fallen prey

to the malignant forces of human adversity.

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There is a sea, vast and terrible, in the earth, upon whose tempestuous bosom are tossed and afflicted countless men and women. It is the sea of trouble. Many are the white bones of the victims that are strewn on its bottom. Its tragedies date back to the inception of sin and the fall of man. It is part of the curse. Both the innocent and the guilty alike go down in it. It is a merciless sea, and remorselessly greedy.

Who can save himself from it? Once adrift on its bosom or aground on its shoals, a man is helpless and hopeless. There is no arm to save, no eye to pity. Should he cry for help, his cries are lost in the wild roar of the tempest, or seem but to call forth more dreadful outbursts of the furies against his soul. Recovering from one stroke of adversity, he arises but to receive another. He is ever brutally beaten and tormented. Whithersoever he turns his face it is but to behold threatenings and wrath, as though all the malignant powers of the earth had united to buffet and destroy his life.

Pitiful, oh, so pitiful is his plight! He is alone and forlorn and wretched. There is no help near. Vain does he cast his eye shoreward for hope of help, or vain does he search the sea. And the heavens scorn his upturned face. He is indeed afflicted, tossed with the tempest, and not comforted.

Gradually his life forces ebb away. Little by little does he resign himself to his dismal fate. His soul cannot long resist its doom. Sooner or later he must relax in the bosom of destruction, and surely die—unless, peradventure, in his last moments, in a final spell of desperation, he does what hitherto he has not done, namely, murmur on his lips a little prayer of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Savior of men.

Should he do this; should the perishing man recall that there is a God in heaven who gave His only begotten Son that whosoever might believe on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life; and, recalling, himself believe that it is true, suddenly a vision of One omnipotent and merciful and clothed in light will appear before him, saying to the tempest and to the sea, "Peace, be still."

And immediately there will be a great calm: and the Omnipotent One will stretch out His arm and take the hand of the afflicted one, and bearing him away, comfort him.

Oh, but did the world's miserable, stricken mortals turn to Jesus, this Omnipotent One, they would find rest for their souls. "Look, unto me," says He, "and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." There is no storm that He cannot calm; no sea that He cannot soothe; no soul that He cannot save. Jesus can convert trouble into blessing, tragedy into fortune, darkness into light.

He can do more, He can bear the hitherto tossed and afflicted one clear out of the sea, and set him in a sure and stable place. And so He does every one that calls on Him; and builds for him a foundation with sapphires and with stones of fair colors.

Then how different the state of him who but a little before could not rest his head or feet in safety! All about him and beneath him now is firmness and stability. Girding him and holding him are the everlasting arms, and within him is the assurance of peace and satisfaction and hope for evermore.

SERMON XXVII

HOW THE GREAT SUN SET

"And the sun was darkened" (Luke 23: 45).

ON a beautiful summer evening as a party of friends and I were traveling through a certain town in an automobile, we wheeled into a broad avenue lined with great masculine trees, heavy with dark foliage, at the end of which sank the big red sun almost blinding our eyes with brightness, and inflaming our way with resplendent glory. Our hearts swelled in wonder at the grandeur of the scene. For a moment it seemed that the very God of all light Himself was looking directly into our faces and we hardly dared to gaze at Him for awe.

Thus has the great sun sunk many thousand times, blazing the hills and mountains and plains with golden red, and seeming to expire in sanguine majesty before approaching darkness; thus reminding men of another Sun, which sank but once in all history of creation,—which sank, as it

were, midst blood and fire commingled with horrible darkness, a scene so terrifying that nature shook with mighty earthquakes, so dramatic and portentious that men reeled and staggered in awe and fear.

What Sun was this? It was but a man! a wretched man expiring in shame and ignominy on an accursed cross between two thieves. It was but a son of man, thorn-crowned, bleeding, heart-broken, nailed to a cross and dying,—this great sunset! But why terrified and trembling nature? Why reeling, staggering men? Ah, it was more than a mere, mortal man! It was none other than the divine Son of God suspended between heaven and earth in fulfilment of His awful mission, the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world!

But the people had thought that He was only a man. More, they had thought Him to be the worst of men, a blasphemer, and had condemned Him to death. They had preferred His crucifixion to that of a murderer. They had found Him to be a false prophet, an impostor, and a blasphemer, and they had decreed that He should die,—aye, that he should die the hardest and most shameful of all deaths. Why not? He was the worst of men! He had been so perverse as to proclaim Himself a Savior of mankind, so brazenly presumptuous as to declare Himself the Christ of God! Of course He should die! No man could be more wicked! No man could be a greater criminal!

Therefore, ye people of Jerusalem, prosecute Him to the limit of the law! Banish mercy from your hearts! Give place to your holy indignation and revenge! Spare not! Let Him have the cross!

And thus they did! See them go about it. Behold Judas! "Thirty pieces of silver?" "Yes, we will pay you thirty pieces of silver, if you will tell us where He is." Thirty pieces of silver clang on a table in the temple. The hungry hands of Judas put them in his bag, and he says to the other parties to the crime, "Come with me!" What a noble, businesslike transaction! Never did men do shrewder bargaining; never were thirty pieces of silver better spent!

Now it is dark. Night hangs black and ominous over the Garden of Gethsemane. In its midst, a little way from His sleeping disciples, kneels Jesus of Nazareth, sweating great drops of blood and clenching His hands in agony. "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done."

He arises, and going to His disciples awakens them! But hark! I hear the sound of approaching footsteps! I see torches and lanterns! Here is a crowd of men coming into the Garden! Why, they are armed! See the flashing swords and daggers! And who is leading them but Judas Iscariot! Has he not a bag of well earned money in his hand? See! he steps forward and kisses Jesus of Nazareth. What a loving tribute to a wretched, accursed, and bartered mortal!

"Whom seek ye?" asks Jesus. "Jesus of Nazareth," is the reply. "I am he," answers Jesus, and yields Himself to them. Strange that this awful criminal should be so docile!

O fortunate Judas! How happy you must be to complete your bargain so successfully! Now your share of it is done; go your way! and take care that you do not lose your money!

Where are they now? They have taken Him to the palace of the High Priest who is to be His judge. And have they witnesses against this criminal? Yes, witnesses are plentiful and their testimonies all agree. "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God" (Matt. 26:63), demands the High Priest. Jesus answers, "Thou hast said: nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Then the High Priest rends his clothes and says, "What further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye?" "He is guilty of death," answers the court.

O ye judges and priests, how glorious does your law and justice triumph! How swiftly are the wicked put down! How speedily the penalty executed! Noble court! Gracious judges!

Now they spit in Jesus' face, and slap Him with the palms of their hands! But is He not worthy of it? Is He not guilty of death?

But it needs be that they take this criminal

before Pilate to receive sentence. Here, once more the witnesses give testimony. But alas, Pilate is blinded, and slow to believe the witnesses! "I find no fault in this man. What would you that I do with Him?" "Crucify Him!" bursts from the angered crowd. "His blood be on us, and on our children!" How zealous they are in the execution of righteous judgment! and how nobly do they invoke a curse upon themselves! Ah! what a royal generation that was!

Now they dress their criminal in a purple robe and bow the knee before Him. Now they curse Him; and again they spit upon Him and slap Him. Never was a criminal more meritoriously treated!

But the time of execution has come. Behold, the streets of Jerusalem are thronged with people going out to see this blasphemer put to death. The inhabitants of the great and glorious city arise in masses to witness the execution of justice. (I dare say that those people were almost as zealous for truth and justice and law as the people of today. Would the masses of New York or Chicago or Boston turn out sooner to see this criminal, Jesus, put to death? I would not be surprised). Behold Him as He goes bearing the cross! But should not a criminal bear his own cross? See, He falls beneath the load! Ah! I was about to pity Him; but does He not merit thus to suffer?

Now they have reached Golgotha, the place of skulls. Here they will crucify this Jesus of Nazareth, and so rid the world of an awful blasphemer.

Note how businesslike the soldiers go about it, and how the people yearn to see the dreadful work done! They have stripped Him of His garments and stretched Him on the cross! Hear the sound of the hammer as it drives the nails through those guilty hands!—O God! how severe is justice! The cross is reared with its victim and its foot is dropped into a hole and made fast. There hangs Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews!

Behold, the sun begins to hide its face. Darkness is settling down grim and heavy on Mount Calvary. Strange! for it is noon and the sun of day is at his height. Terror begins to grip upon the masses. They have been railing and shouting at this so-called King of the Jews, adjuring Him to come down from the cross and save Himself,—He had saved others. Now they stand in awe as though some great drama is to be enacted before their eyes. And lo! at the ninth hour of the day, three o'clock in the afternoon, Jesus cries with a loud voice, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Once again He cries, and yields up the ghost. THE SUN HAS SET! And behold, the veil of the temple is rent in twain from top to bottom; and the earth quakes and the rocks rend; and the graves open and the dead come forth. A centurion standing near the cross, unspiritual Roman and heathen though he be, exclaims, "Truly this was the Son of God!"—and he was right.

SERMON XXVIII

THE WAY OF ALL THE EARTH*

BOTH GOING AND COMING

"Now the days of David drew nigh that he should die; and he charged Solomon his son, saying, I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man" (1 Kings 2:1-2).

HERE was something sober and reflective about the words of David, when he said to Solomon, as he was about to die, "I go the way of all the earth."

It will be remembered that Joshua, in announcing his death to Israel, also said the same thing. These two men knew the end of all things, that is, at least, of all living things. They had beheld with their eyes the goal at which every living thing, whether man, beast, or herb, finally winds up its existence. Now they saw themselves approaching the selfsame goal. One was a great and lordly king; the other was a great and mighty warrior. But these facts, as they well knew, could have no bearing on the nature of their end. King, warrior, pauper, slave, must all even-

*Sept. 21, 1919.

tually pass along the same dusky road to death.

"The way of all the earth." Behold the silent, solemn procession of all humanity approaching the end. Ten thousand lines strange to one another and different, converge to form it; as though as many river courses, all initially running in opposite directions, finally unite to make one grand, general stream.

There they march in final fellowship and mutual concourse, heads bowed together,—men of every race and tongue upon the earth, and of every class distinction, from royalty to slavery; and they all shall lie down together in the bosom of the earth beneath the sod. Nor shall Nature discriminate between her children: she shall embrace them all alike. For in time, through all their bodies shall the worm pass and repass, and the earth shall stretch her fiber through their bones and flesh, and these shall become the warp and woof of the soil.

This is the way of all the earth—the way all the earth goes hence. It is a somber, dusky highway, and all who go thereon, even they who at other times in their pride walked aloof from the common herd, acknowledge in humility that they are all alike of earth earthy and subjects of death.

But there is also another way, which, too, is a way of all the earth. This is the way whence all things come; and verily it is a humble way. It is the way of birth. For out of the womb of nature must come all living things that come. Thus must

come the prince, and thus must come the slave. Earth is the mother of us all. Out of the earth are all things formed, and the constituent element of all things is the same—for man, or beast, or plant. Its common name is dust. It is also known as dirt, or clay, or mud. Call it what you wish. Perhaps the prince will call it dust, and the pauper will call it mud; either will do, for it is one and the same. All things that live take root in this; lordly man and lowly beast, as well as lovely lily and noxious weed.

Shall any man disown his mother—mother earth? Will any man disclaim a lowly origin? Can any lift their heads so high as to forget the pit whence they were dug? Truly, they fain would. But the fact of their humble relationship, nevertheless remains unaltered. And the ties are plainly visible, whether draped with silk or hemp. It is as vain to dissimulate as it is to apologize concerning the humble way by which we all came into existence. It is generally an unwise thing for one man to disparage another man's origin. Does it make any difference, as far as actual extraction is concerned, whether a man is born in a palace or a hovel—so long as nature is his mother? Born in either one, he would be neither less nor more a child of lowly earth.

But men are not accustomed so to think. When Nathanael asked of Philip concerning Jesus, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" though perhaps entirely innocent and unconscious

of it, he was reflecting the general prejudice of the human race against a humble origin. Could mother earth have answered him then and there, she would have said, "Yea, indeed a good thing can come out of Nazareth. I am not necessarily particular about where I leave my favored children. Nazareth is good enough for me. Nay, more, wist ye not that this same Jesus of whom you ask, this Christ of God, was born in a manger, in a barn among beasts of burden?"

As a matter of fact, thus in substance has Nature spoken unto men ever since the beginning of creation. But in vain; they will ever continue to discriminate against the cabin or the barn, as though truly nothing good could come out of humble circumstances.

Herein, a generation of men that existed about two thousand years ago, made the most fatal mistake of all time. Knowing Christ's origin, they were only *too* ready to concede that He was only a son of mother earth. They had beheld Him grow up from infancy in the earth's crude embrace. They had seen only too plainly the common signs of humanity on and about His person.

In short, they knew that Christ had come *by way of all the earth.* He was born of woman and His body was flesh and blood; how then could He be any different from other human beings? To say the least, it was preposterous for Him to be considered any better than other men, for He was actually born in a barn. And then His bringing

up! Why, He was brought up in Nazareth,— contemptible little Nazareth, and that amidst the most lowly of circumstances. Was He not the carpenter's son? And was His mother not called Mary? —just plain Mary? And were not those fellows, "Jim," and "Joe," and "Sim," and "Jude," His brothers? Fie! He was just a common man—and a very common man at that. Hadn't they seen Him in His father's old shop with a pair of overalls on and His sleeves rolled up, sawing wood? Hadn't they seen Him come in from work hungry, and wash, and comb His hair, and sit down and eat in the kitchen just like other ordinary folks?— and then to call Him the Son of God! Blasphemous!

And so "they were offended in Him."

Why, to be the Son of God, He ought to have been born in a palace, at least. He really ought not to have been born at all. He should simply have descended to the earth from God out of heaven before the whole world, all radiant with divine glory, and giving men every reason to believe that He was actually the Son of God.

So, as it was, having come by way of all the earth, and giving every reason to suppose that He would go by way of all the earth, the Christ of God was rejected as an ordinary man.

As a matter of fact, He did die, like all other men. He joined the same silent procession that passes along the dusky way of death, and bowed Himself to enter into the tomb. But there ended His mortality. For this selfsame son of man, this

child of earth, came forth out of the grave all radiant in the power of His own innate divinity—that power which was His from the day He was born and which the Jews refused to recognize, simply because He had come the way of all the earth. And now that selfsame, earth-born Jesus is sitting in majesty and glory at the right hand of God the Father, being worshiped and adored by the celestial hosts.

Let men beware lest they misjudge other heaven-favored mortals who come and go by way of all the earth. So have come and gone all the saints that ever lived and died. They have just been men, lowly, earth-born men; and the most of them, like their Lord and Mater, have risen out of very humble circumstances. Of just such men and women does the holy Church of Christ consist; the church which outwardly appears only as ordinary flesh and blood, but which inwardly is, nevertheless, terrible and majestic with the presence of Almighty God.

SERMON XXIX

"WE HAVE A LAW"*

"The Jews answered him, We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God" (John 19:7).

HILE reading the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of John recently, I perceived as never before that the murderers of our Lord were law-abiding citizens. They were exceedingly scrupulous and sanctimonious about observing even the minor points of the Mosaic law. Thus, for instance, while they were demanding the death of the Son of God, they refrained from entering the judgment hall of Pilate lest they should be defiled, and consequently be unable to partake of the Passover which was at hand.

Oh, incomparable inconsistency! Infernal hypocrisy; to strain at such a gnat of external piety and swallow such a camel of criminal monstrosity!

But this is only one example of such proceed-

*Zarephath Camp-meeting, Aug. 1919.

ings. They will actually commit the most hideous crime of all the ages with a pretense of observing the law. Taking advantage of the Levitican ordinance that whosoever blasphemed the name of the Lord should be put to death, these pious, law-abiding citizens find opportunity to murder the divine Son of God in cold blood, and that openly and systematically before the eyes of all the world, being, as it were, zealous executors of the sacred law. Oh, children of hell, how could your hearts be so black!

This is hypocrisy. Against no sin among hell's brood of monstrosities did Christ hurl such blasting anathemas as against hypocrisy.

There are different kinds of hypocrisy, and one is about as bad as another. But that infernal practise of committing crime under the pretext of piety, that supercilious reverence for certain points of law that shields a shameless violation of others, is the blackest thing I can think of.

Behold the good Pharisees and reverend priests of Jerusalem urging the murder of the Son of God as a sign of loyalty to the Mosaic law. How eloquently they plead for the honorable execution of its precepts on this occasion! A strange and unaccountable respect for the Word of the Almighty has suddenly seized upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem. Somebody has proclaimed himself to be the Christ of God and it is regretfully affirmed that He must be put to death. Truly a revival of religion has swept over the city!

What a glorious opportunity now has arisen for the officials and citizens to cover themselves with honor in a heroic execution of justice!

O hell, how shrewd you are!

"We have a law," cry the Jews before Pilate, "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God." Out of the ancient hall of statutes they had brought forth a law. Yea, they had produced a law. Luckily they had lighted upon it in the dusty archives. And note that they held this final and fatal argument in reserve until the last moment, until Pilate had said to them the third time in defense of Jesus, "I find no fault in him."

You see the tricks of the courtroom are not all new. It is a poor lawyer who cannot, as the case proceeds, bring in more and more weighty arguments. The shrewd and wily lawyer often plays with the jury and the judge and the audience, appearing at times to be fighting a losing battle. But just at the time when all seems lost, our lawyer, to the amazement of all, suddenly comes in with a *law*,—some shattering, overwhelming bit of argument that turns the tide.

So did the Jews. And when Pilate heard that they had a *law*, the scripture says he was the more afraid.

Of course you all know that with the Jews it was not a question of bias or hatred against Christ. No, it was simply the cold and honorable enforcing of the law. They had no personal feel-

ing against Christ. They were all disinterested advocates of justice. Let no one imagine that they would turn their little finger for the unjust condemnation of Jesus. Oh, no it was simply this: they had a law.

Behold, here stands the august high priest of God officially assenting to the murder of Jesus. We will imagine some tender, loving-hearted woman with tear-stained face creeping up to him and asking timidly, "How is it, Sire, that they thus abuse the meek and lowly Nazarene?" With a stern countenance the High Priest looks condescendingly down upon her and replies, "It's too bad, but you know we have a law."

"What law?" asks the woman. Again replies the "holy" priest, "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God."

A glorious law this was that had come to judgment. How opportunely it had turned up!

You will remember that the Jews objected to the inscription which Pilate had written on the cross. It read, "Jesus of Nazareth the king of the Jews." Why did they object? A more fitting inscription would have been, "In loving memory of the law."

Believe me, my friends, that was a noble generation, and so much akin to ours. Let the men of today reach out their hands in mutual fellowship and shake the hands of the men of Jesus' time! Let their kindred spirits greet! Let both illustrious

generations arise out of the dust of time and stand shoulder to shoulder on the same grounds in the uniting powers of the final judgment of the last day!

"We have a law." Is not Jesus being put to death today by people who in the very act pretend allegiance to the law? Are not His followers abused in the same manner as He was? What technical point of law will not be eagerly made use of to condemn true Christians by men who are at heart as unscrupulous as the devil himself, so far as personal obedience to its precepts is concerned?

The fact of the business is that people are prosecuting Jesus Christ in every conceivable manner for which they imagine they can find any sort of justification whatever. They are prosecuting Him on the grounds of allegiance to edicts of *reason.* They would condemn Him on the grounds of *science* (so-called). They would reject Him on the grounds of allegiance to the *sacred* laws of *evolution,* which naturally declare against His divinity. They would put Him to death through loyalty to the dictates of the *aesthetic,* which repudiates the "vulgar" idea of a "blood-bought" redemption. Just so are doing Christian Scientists, New Thoughtists, and kindred Christ Haters.

Truly they all have a law of some kind or another whereby they can justify murdering the Son of God!

SERMON XXX

FROM BENEATH

"Ye are from beneath." "Ye are of your father the devil" (John 8:23 and 44).

TO be engendered in hell! Horrible thought! Can the awful import of Christ's words to His enemies possibly dawn upon our minds? "Ye are from beneath." "Ye are of your father the devil." What an illustrious breeding place! What a noble parentage!

Ye enemies of Christ, think of whence ye came! Have you remembered your father, the devil, to honor him?

Out of hell, *from beneath,* have come the enemies of Christ. With all other ghastly, hell-born things, they have issued forth from the foul mouth of the underworld. Belched out and belched out from the bowels of the inferno, they have poured like lurid, volcanic, demon-ridden flames into all the earth, these enemies of Christ. They

are kindred of imps, own cousins of fiends. So they are; for they are *from beneath,* and sons of the devil.

We shudder at these thoughts; but how can we escape the facts? The words of Christ lie before us. Can human imagination paint hell too black, or be unjust to a son of the devil?

"From beneath." In the sight of high heaven there is a beneath, a place where dwell and whence come the uncanny things of darkness. Closed in and shielded from the light of heaven, it is a dismal, rotten hole. Only its vile, native-bred spirit-creatures can exist in its heavy, filthy atmosphere. But these thrive and multiply there, like microbes and wigglers in a pestilential pit. Dense darkness and gross pollution are their elements. Away from either, they are lost. They cannot live where light and purity are. They hate both bitterly, for light and purity are of God; and these creatures are of the devil. More and more darkness and more and more filth would they have. Ages and ages of growing foulness have made the place unspeakably horrible. Whatever is bred and born therein never dies, but continues ever to live with its constantly and swiftly increasing kind, so that the place is literally writhing and swarming with virulent, noxious life—life that springs from and is nourished by one and the same thing,—the heart of the devil, the core of hell.

But the energies of the horrible pit, as we have seen, are not pent up, for its creatures are

ever escaping to the earth and returning. Spirits of vice and sin they are, nameless and countless, that go forth to pervade the habitations of men, to fill their hearts, to corrupt their minds, and to blast their lives. They swarm through the earth like black clouds of vicious locusts. There is no place that knows them not, no place that has not been polluted and cursed by their presence. Many, many are the lives that have been ruined by them. Few, few there are who have been delivered from them.

With the filth of hatred, lust, jealousy, selfishness, cruelty, bitterness, and like evils of the pit, they have so widely and thoroughly besmirched the hearts of men that the earth is rank with the rottenness of hell. Through them men have imbibed the very nature of the devil. Through them the devil has breathed the vile essence of his being right into men's character, so that they are no longer themselves, but are like him, and are inwardly his own sons from beneath,—his very offspring, actually led and guided by his own base motives and principles.

Filled with these spirits of the devil, human hearts have become infectious nests of vice, propagating places of evil, veritable little hells.

And men love to have it so. They are pleased with it and proud of it. Willingly they yield their lives to demon influence and follow the promptings of fiendish impulse. Haughtily, like the devil, they lift their heads in hatred and defiance

of God. Instantly, are they ready to encourage evil and destroy good.

Let the Christ of God come into the world to set up the kingdom of righteousness, and these children of hell straightway align themselves against Him to defy Him, oppose Him, persecute Him, hound Him, curse Him, and finally to kill Him. Could the devil in them do otherwise? Is it a wonder that Christ said to them, "Ye are from beneath;" "Ye are of your father the devil"?

Looking into these men's eyes, Christ beheld the depths of the under world. Listening to their speech, He heard the hisses of the great, loathsome serpent that abides there. They were authorized agents of perdition, sworn to promote the cause of evil and uphold the power of their great master, the devil. As the devil hates Christ; so these men hated Christ. As he would oppose and destroy the kingdom of God; so they would oppose and destroy the kingdom of God. As he would counteract all good with evil; so they would counteract all good with evil.

Should Christ bring light to mankind, these enemies of His would obscure it. Should He endeavor to loose the captives; they would bind them tighter. Should He cure the sick; they would afflict them worse. Where Christ would show mercy; they would be cruel. Where He would bring love; they would bring hate. Where He would forgive; they would condemn. Where He would bring life; they would bring death. They

would do just anything to oppose Christ.

And be it known that with the passing of these particular persons whom Christ addressed in the 8th chapter of John, their kind by no means disappeared from the face of the earth. Far from it. Such enemies of Christ have well-nigh ruined every generation of men since. History reeks with their dark and terrible deeds, their persistent and systematic propagation of evil, their zealous support of the wrong, their eternal hatred of good.

Let Christianity propose a moral reform in the world, and human agents of hell are always in existence and ever ready, organized teeth and nail, to defeat it. Let Christianity, as in the past few years, for instance, propose to wipe from the face of the earth the monstrous liquor curse that has done more than any other abomination to blight, blast, and damn the human race, and the enemies of Christ will muster millions strong to resist it. Like great dragons, they will arise on every side spitting fire and blood to protect the infernal, man-killing traffic. Notorious and influential men will come forth straight from the rotten maw of hell to champion in statecraft the accursed thing, saying brazenly and shamelessly that they will give the people drink.

Oh, what beastly, dirty hearts such men must have! How is it possible for human beings to become so unspeakably foul and odious at heart! Sons of the devil? Aye, seven-fold sons of the

devil! From beneath? Aye, right out of the nasty stomach of hell!

Whosoever comes forth among men and champions anything that has wrecked the world, as liquor has, belongs to the inner cesspool of the underworld!

Could it ever be that such men have once in their lives been innocent, tender babes? If so, when did they turn devil? Could their fair mothers ever have believed it possible for their little cradled offspring to grow up as being *from beneath* and fathered by the devil, bred and trained to serve and support him!

. . . . . .

But the enemies of Christ are doomed. That which is from beneath cannot long stand before that which is from above. Men who side in with evil and open their hearts to the vile spirits of hell and thus become the devil's own, with him are sure to go down. Sooner or later, their utter ruin and desolation will dawn upon them.

Gradually the lights of Christianity are burning their way into this benighted world. Soon will come the clear, pure day of world-wide righteousness, and all representatives of darkness and sin will have betaken themselves to hell where they belong.

SERMON XXXI

ORDINARY SHEEP AND ORDINARY GOATS*

VS. HUMAN SHEEP AND HUMAN GOATS

"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left" (Matt. 25: 33).

N the sight of high heaven the people of the earth are composed of two classes—sheep and goats. This is not in the least a confusing distinction. Everybody knows that a sheep is a sheep and a goat is a goat. Nobody has any difficulty in telling the difference between them. Goats and sheep differ widely in appearance, nature, and action. There may be, it is true, some things in common between them that would render them a little hard to distinguish at a distance, but nobody would be fooled very long. When a good big billy-goat or nanny-goat passes between you and the wind, you are not in doubts as to his or her being a goat. A goat lets everybody know that he or she is a goat in more ways than one, and that with little apology.

Sheep are not so bold in declaring themselves.

*Bound Brook, N. J., May 25, 1919.

They are more modest and reserved. You can generally tell sheep from goats by their diet. It is true that they are both herbivorous. But goats are more; they may be said to be omnivorous; that is, they do not only eat grass, but almost everything else. Sheep draw the line on leather, books, paper, rubber, tin cans, tobacco, and the like. Goats are not so discriminating. They eat whatsoever is set before them and ask no questions, either for conscience' or digestion's sake. That this is true no one who has ever had anything to do with goats and sheep will deny. With my own eyes I have seen goats eating rags and paper and leather and old rubber. Never have I seen sheep doing this. Of course, billy-goats are worse than nanny-goats, but even the "nannies" are not delicately disposed on the eating line. We have one at Zarephath who has a great relish for old paper, leather, rubber, and like substances.

Goats do not seem to imagine that anything could really be harmful to their stomachs, and it looks as if they are about right. I have a friend who once had a billy goat that ate up a good share of his father's new overcoat and later even indulged his appetite in about a pound of Paris Green without giving up the ghost. But even goats die.

Allied to goats' reckless eating, there are other strange habits that easily distinguish them from sheep. Goats are unrefined, ill-mannered, and disrespectful. They are more than that; they are

obstinate and perverse, and appear to fear neither God nor man. Sheep, on the other hand, are meek, gentle, and docile. *(I speak of goats and sheep in general, not of any particular individuals. There may be exceptions).*

Goats are by nature brutal and lawless. What improper thing will a goat not do from charging on a woman or child to stampeding through a house? Goats have wicked horns, and shameless feet. What don't they do with their horns and where won't they go with their feet? You can look for a goat almost anywhere—from the back-yard or the barn to your roof. Goats are meddlesome and selfish. Among themselves they are continually clashing and fighting. They are inherently pugnacious. The way of peace they know not. Their very wagging beards and yellow eyes bespeak craftiness and treachery.

These things cannot be said of sheep. Sheep are by nature amiable and peaceful and law-abiding. They are not meddlesome or crafty. Among themselves they are not quarrelsome. They do not charge on women and children, nor do they stampede through your house and over your roof. There are bounds of decency to a sheep's activities. There seems to be in sheep something akin to order and righteousness. We love the ways of sheep.

A little while ago, I said that before the eyes of high heaven the people of the world are divided into two classes—sheep and goats. The

reason for this is as obvious as the difference between sheep and goats. God chose the best animals He could find to represent the two classes. The good people He calls sheep; the bad people He calls goats.

There is no other classification. Men and women are either sheep or they are goats. Every person within the sound of my vioce must acknowledge that he or she is either a sheep or a goat. Perhaps some one will admit to being a goat, but will insist that he or she is a good goat. But the Bible makes no provision for good goats. A goat is a goat. In fact, in the sight of God there is no such thing as a good goat any more than there is such a thing as a bad sheep. When the final time of separation comes, that we read of in the text, the only thing that will be taken into account is whether you are a sheep or a goat.

But a little more about the reasons why good people are likened to sheep and why bad people are likened to goats. While most of us can easily distinguish between ordinary sheep and goats, we cannot always so readily distinguish between human sheep and human goats. But God can tell the difference between one kind as well as He can the other. He knows a human goat afar off, and the human goat does not need to get between Him and the wind either. No goat can get so far away from God that God would mistake him for a sheep. So likewise God knows a sheep wherever he may be. There is a radical difference between the hu-

man sheep and the human goat in nature, appearance, and manners. One is a sinner and the other is a saint.

We saw that in the matter of diet the sheep has discrimination and the goat has not. Herein are the sheep and the goats like unto saints and sinners: saints have discrimination and sinners have not. As goats are wont to fill their bellies with almost anything; so are sinners. Lack of discrimination characterizes the sinner. A sinner is likely to take anything into his physical or moral system, the latter especially, that he can lay his hands on. Like the Prodigal Son, he is ready to feed his belly on the husks that swine eat: that is, the sinner indulges his appetites and passions. He is essentially intemperate, if not in the matter of eating, in something else. He does not observe the law of limitations. He does not distinguish between enough and too much, between the proper and the improper, between the pure and the impure. If he does distinguish between these things, he nevertheless does not act accordingly. He is a goat at heart.

The saint or Christian, on the other hand, discriminates between the pure and the impure, the proper and the improper, and acts accordingly. He is a sheep at heart. You cannot feed him just anything. You cannot induce him to be intemperate or unwisely indulgent. He knows and observes the laws of limitations.

We said that goats are unrefined, ill-mannered,

disrespectful, obstinate, and perverse. So are sinners, religiously. And sinners are by nature brutal and lawless. They may not always appear so before men, but before God they are. God puts nothing beyond sinners. Before God, the sin that hates will commit murder; the sin that lusts will commit adultery; the sin that deceives will lie.

What has the sinner not done; to what limits has he not gone violating God's laws? As goats meddle with forbidden things and invade forbidden places; so sinners meddle with good and virtuous things, and prostitute them. Their minds run on subjects that should be left alone. Sinners meddle with God's laws and ordinances and His standards of morals, and construe and twist them to suit themselves. Sinners go rough-shod and impious into God's Holy of Holies. They are ready at almost any time to turn a house of prayer into a den of thieves. They are goats, and there is nothing goat-like that they will not do.

These things cannot be said of saints. Saints are inwardly refined, gentle, reverent, and upright. They love good and virtuous things and do not trample God's laws under their feet. Who can lay anything to the charge of true Christians? They may, at times, be falsely accused or misunderstood, but before God they stand innocent of sin and are justified—even as was their Lord and Master Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, when He stood in Pilate's Judgment Hall.

But the analogy between ordinary sheep and

goats and human sheep and goats comes to an end in the question of responsibility. The ordinary sheep and goats are not responsible for what they are. The human sheep and goats are. Because an ordinary goat is a goat, he will not go to hell; nor because an ordinary sheep is a sheep will he go to heaven. But because a human goat is a goat, he will go to hell, and because a human sheep is a sheep, he will go to heaven. For human sheep and human goats there will be a judgment day. Then it will be revealed to all the world who are the sheep and who are the goats. If the goats did not know it before, they are sure then to find it out. If they do not know it now, it is their fault; for the Bible plainly tells who are the goats. And if they do know that they are goats, they shall be held accountable for continuing to be goats. It is within the power of every normal man or woman by the enabling grace of God to change from a goat to a sheep. That is, it is within the range of everybody's will to be born again through the salvation of Jesus Christ. The Scripture says, "Whosoever will may come." God is no respecter of persons. (See Col. 3:25.) What He will do for one person He will do for another.

But at the Judgment Day no change can be made. He that is a goat will be a goat still, and he that is a sheep will be a sheep still. (See Rev. 22:11.)

Sad to say, at the Judgment Day, according to the Bible, the goats will be in the majority, even

as they are now. In fact, there will be a great many more goats than sheep. The world is filled with goats. The hills and valleys are literally covered with them. They range through the country and stampede through the cities. They are everywhere, horns, beards, and all. There is no place where the sound of their hoofs is not heard. Right now they are tripping gayly by the thousands in New York and other cities over glazed ballroom floors. They are packing the theaters and swarming into the churches. They are even in the choirs and pulpits. Goats are at home anywhere, except in the presence of God, and some even dare to come there. At last, however, there will be only one place for them, the place prepared for the devil and his angels.

Are you a goat, or are you a sheep?

SERMON XXXII

THE CHURCH CHALLENGES THE TWENTIETH CENTURY*

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15).

KNOW no better subject to bring before the minds of these graduating classes than the all-absorbing theme of the Christian Church, namely, its calling and business in this world. It is a theme that has never been found meaningless or out of date since its birth. It is as fresh and strong and significant as it was the day it found utterance from the lips of Him whose name we exalt higher than any other name under heaven—Jesus Christ, our Lord. It was the grandest proclamation of all time, and, handed down for two thousand years by the tongues and pens of those who first received it, as a rallying cry, it has lost none of the vigor of its original accent. It is this: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." What call of king or emperor or president has ever aroused in the hearts of his

*Commencement sermon, Zarephath Academy, June 10, 1917.

subjects such a deep, determined, and thrilling response as this has in the hearts of the sons of God? What battle-cry has led men into greater and grander exploits than this? Emblazoned on the blood-stained banner of the Cross, it has led the sons of God through storm and flood, fire and blood directly into the jaws of death—whence they have issued triumphant and immortal.

Unlike the Church of Jesus, the world has always lacked an all-pervading, all-absorbing theme. Now its battle-cry is this; now it is that. Now its banner leads it hither; now it leads it thither. And thus the world ever goes, driven by transient impulses first one way and then another. Peradventure, ever and anon, it lights upon some noble theme,—perhaps like democracy, as at present. But it is not unlikely soon to turn from that to money-making with its luxury and dissipation. The world is not at heart the bigger and better thing it sometimes seems to be. It is not progressing inwardly; it is simply stumbling into better states of outward circumstances which Christianity has thrown about it. It is just about as likely to stumble into barbarism and brutality as it is into something better, so far as its choice is concerned.

Today every platform orator and writer is talking about democracy. Aye, it is a good theme. May they do it justice! But I wonder to what they will turn next. I hope that it will be just and noble. Nevertheless, I cannot help but say that

any theme, however good, upon which the world dwells long, is soon likely to be treated with much insipidity of thought and language. Its writers and orators become tiresome. In truth, the world soon exhausts itself on any given subject, and must turn to something else.

But does the Church of Jesus need a new theme? Does it ever exhaust its subject? No. If it does, it is no longer the Church of Jesus. Nay, its preachers, from rugged John the Baptist to those of the twentieth century, have thought one thing and believed one thing and preached one thing. Nor has any man of God ever sought another. And though the world often rejects it, the theme of the Church on the lips of God and man is always fresh, forceful, and convicting.

Now the purpose of this service is to remind Zarephath Academy that our interests and our calling are identical with those of the Church of Jesus. To the cause of the Gospel we have devoted our lives. We have resolved, each and all, that no world crisis, whether in wars, revolutions, fire, or sword, shall turn us from our purpose. We must meet the crisis of today with unwavering determination. If we become disconcerted and confused in the face of a tribulation-stricken world, we are not what we boast to be, we have lost the ark, and we shall go amuck just as all apostate institutions have done.

We did not join this movement primarily to follow any worldly profession. In coming to the

Pillar of Fire, we swore allegiance to the cause of Christ; and if we farm or cook or go to school, we do it with but one great end in view,—the spreading of the Gospel.

I am aware that the world is being shaken from center to circumference, that it is in the grip of famines and earthquakes and wars and pestilences. I know that chaos never reigned more terribly than now. I know that shells are shattering men's bodies to pieces, that death-laden bullets are flying like hail, that the cold steel of the bayonet is cutting and tearing into the vitals of mankind, that floods are drowning, fires are burning, and disease is wasting away the lives of men! But, shall we, the Church of Jesus, abandon ourselves to fear? Shall we boast that God is our Father and that Jesus Christ is our Prophet, Priest, and King, and yet cringe and squirm in fear and torment under the lash of Cæsar? Ah, no! we cannot serve two masters. We must either serve God and commit ourselves and ours to Him and take peacefully and restfully what He permits to come upon us, or we must serve the world and give ourselves over to fear and fate. If we are God's, we have a thousand promises and reassurances that all will be well. On the other hand, if we are Satan's, we have a thousand warnings that all will be wrong.

Again, I say to you that we belong to the Church of Jesus, the Church Triumphant! We must not forget after all that with even our great

interest in world politics, we are in reality citizens of another country, and that we are destined to a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

Behold the Church of Jesus! On what foundation it stands! how it has stood unshaken through a hundred world revolutions! how it has survived great tribulations! Though old, it is ever young. It lacks none of its original powers. Nor does it need to drink at a fountain of endless youth. It has a fountain within it; it is the fountain. We say that it lives. Yes, it stands face to face with the world today, a breathing, throbbing organism of superhuman life. It points back over two thousand years of history. It traces its footsteps through the Roman persecutions, shows them emerging from the blood of Nero's murders, and leading down through the Dark Ages with its dungeon, its stake, and its block. It shows its trail over heights of fame and depths of shame; and through all it stands today, in the twentieth century, facing an old and grizzly world, with the ruddy flush and trip-hammer heart-beat of everlasting youth.

Unlike other institutions, it has never needed reorganization or a new constitution. It has never needed a new president or a new set of laws, and it has never been threatened with strikes and revolutions. It is the embodiment of truth and perfection. Its chief corner-stone is Jesus Christ Himself.

I glory in saying that it is ready to do exploits still. It is not yet seeking covert or shelter. It has had no cowards, it has no cowards, and never will have cowards. It was foreordained by God to meet the world of the twentieth century, and it will overcome. To the world today it offers the grand solution of all problems. It bears the Gospel of peace in times of war. Its mission is to bind up the broken-hearted, to loose the captives, to set free those that are bound.

To this end does this Academy exist. It was founded to perpetuate the work of the Gospel. The students that are trained in this school are all aiming in that direction, unless they have the seeds of damnation in their hearts. We have wondered how our graduates would turn out, where they would go, and what they would do. We have not been in doubts about the majority of them. But even in the little band that followed Jesus there was a Judas. When such go from us, they are like the raven that flew from the window of Noah's ark and came not back. The ark represents the Church of God, and the place where His saints dwell. When the students of Zarephath Academy go from us, they will prove either to be ravens, black at heart and worldly in desire, or doves, white at heart and heavenly in desire. If they are doves, they will never separate themselves from the Church of Jesus, though they may be called to the uttermost parts of the earth.

To the uttermost parts of the earth undoubtedly

they will be called; and in the conflicts that they will have, their mettle will be tested. The tests of school may not after all have found their weak places. Their mettle may yet be proved. Will it prove false or genuine?

But we shall not be disappointed! We are looking for a grand army of Zarephath trained preachers and missionaries who will go forth undaunted to meet the evils of today and to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ to a needy world.

CHAPTER XXXIII

LUCIFER'S LOST CAUSE*

"For the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me" (John 14:30).

UCIFER, the blasted, fallen archangel tried hard to find something in Jesus like himself; but he failed. "The prince of this world cometh," said Jesus, "and hath nothing in me." As one who, conscious of his sinfulness and guilt, and beyond repentance and reform, would seek to find company by discovering or implanting like sinfulness of guilt in someone else, so Satan did with Jesus. Had he but won Jesus to his side, he would have had a cognate in hell, who, I believe, by reason of His mighty power, would well-nigh have precipitated the whole creation into an eternal state of civil war and destruction. The equilibrium of the universe would have been threatened with ruination forever, and nameless cataclysms of catastrophes throughout all time might have resulted both in the physical and spiritual worlds.

*Zarephath, N. J., Dec. 22, 1918.

If this be not so, why did Satan tempt Jesus? If Jesus could not have fallen as did Satan himself, and God thus been deprived of His Son, wherein did He resist temptation? If such a fall had been impossible, would not Christ have been immune to temptation? If He were incapable of sinning, why did Satan, who knew only too well the possibilities, waste his time in tempting Him?

Only God himself knows what would have been the awful outcome of such a fall—a fall from the Godhead itself in the person of Jesus Christ. If it be said that by virtue of His very nature the Son of Omnipotence could not fall, it may be answered that any reversion from righteousness to evil by any being in the universe, might well be called a fall, even though evil newly and powerfully championed, would thereby become as potent as righteousness itself.

But the probability is that had Christ fallen, He would have forfeited His equality with God. Being human as well as divine, and like all other human beings, a free moral agent, His fate was in His own hands. Is it not possible in a dual monarchy for one king to abdicate, or by some other wilful act to forfeit his right of rulership? So with Jesus; He could have repudiated His equality with God by a sinful act if He had but willed, and like Satan, have fallen.

But in falling, not being deprived by any means of all His might and power, He would have

set up a potent state of rebellion against God in the universe beside which the hell that now is would be as feeble and insignificant as a blacksmith's forge beside a roaring volcano. The foundations of all things celestial and terrestial would have been so fearfully shaken that what Satan and his powers have already done and will do, would be but like the gentle preliminaries of a mighty earthquake in comparison to the earthquake itself. Confusion and chaos would have been the order of the time. Men would have been hopelessly doomed to unspeakable destruction. Hell would indeed have enlarged herself. Damnation would have been well-nigh universal. Verily, where would evil have stopped and good begun? When would destruction, despoilation, and trouble have ceased? Would not terror, like a monster, have risen to ravage earth and heaven? Who could tell when dire, brutal fate would have been overruled by kindly Providence?

Oh, if Jesus had fallen, Satan's revenge would have been complete. What harder thrust at God could have been made? What would have been left for him to do? Think of it! The Christ of God accused and fallen! Heaven's first-born a rebel and a renegade! Father and Son eternally divided! The heir of all things cast out! The hope of mortal man destroyed! Earth, man's dwelling place, forever incorporated with hell! Evil in this sphere for all time triumphant over good! What more could Satan wish?

Oh, ye people of the earth, how you should rejoice that your Christ fell not!

Behold, He stood! Hell came; yea, all hell came against Him. Satan with his marshaled hosts arose against the Christ. See him come! He has levied every available force in his accursed realm. Hell was prepared. For this grand crisis of all time its armies had long been trained.

I have read of Germany's vast, gray-clad armies marching in endless, silent procession day and night through the streets of Belgium's cities en route to France,—thousands of them, yea millions of them gathered from the far corners of the German empire to do the work of dire destruction. But here against the Son of God came the hordes of Satan's empire, an innumerable host. Hell is vacant! They are massing about the Holy City!

O, Jerusalem, where will this vast army encamp? Already it has filled thy streets and houses, and thy hills and plains around about, and still on they pour, the black battalions of pandemonium, myriads of them! Let other cities and other lands for this moment be at peace! There is no front but this one. The issue is to be decided at Jerusalem. For you, Satan has scarcely left a guard or outpost. All are concentrated at Jerusalem. The Son of God is there. The arch-demon of hell will destroy Him.

. . . . . .

Now it is night. The time for all things is at hand. Now is the soul of Jesus sorrowful—even

unto death. Already the dark billows of hell's tumultuous, rising tide are beating against His soul. With three drowsy disciples He has withdrawn to Gethsemane. They are asleep. He is alone. Well might these disciples remain awake at this momentous crisis. It is the world's "zero hour"; but they know it not. All things will turn upon the struggle to ensue. The mortal frame of Jesus is tense with strain as the full realization of His fate dawns upon Him. The cross hideous and shameful, outstretches its cruel arms for Him.

Wilt thou recant, O Christ?

Like ten thousand Niagaras converged and piled one upon another, the malignant forces of a desperate hell rise to break upon His soul. The Savior is upon His knees! Sweat-drops of blood burst from His brow! His whole being is drawn and wrenched with overwhelming agony! Can He endure?—"Father," He cries, "if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done!" He is submissive. An angel appears from heaven and strengthens Him.

But the end is not yet. 'Tis but the beginning of a protracted struggle. Hell will go to the limit. If there is a fatal weakness in the Christ, Satan will discover it. His forces will recoil and attack again and again until the body of Jesus hangs torn and bleeding on the cross, until with anguish and pain, and deserted by God and angels alike, He succumbs, perforce, to evil and concedes to Satan's triumph.

Nay, Satan and his powers will not relax. If the Christ of God is not beaten now, their cause is lost forever. The Prince of this world will at all expense and hazards find something in the heart of Jesus. Can he stir fear? With fear he will impel Him to take flight and hide from the mob that comes into the garden with swords and staves to take Him. But Jesus flees not. Can he stir revenge? He will incite Peter to cut off the ear of the High Priest's servant, and thus solicit Christ's commendation for Peter's act. But Christ mercifully restores the ear.

Thus through the hours of the night Jesus is subjected to fearful temptation. All alone, He is abandoned by God and man alike into the hands of His enemies. His cause seems lost. The world He came to save cries out for His death. Not one dissenting voice is heard. Grim hatred gnashes at Him on every side. Malice, obdurate and grim, hedges Him in like frowning mountain walls. In vain He would look for a sympathizing eye. Wherever He turns, red-eyed murder glares at Him, clawing like a hungry lion for its victim. But it is only a matter of time. Be patient, O ye blood-thirsty! Ye shall have Him! But a little while and to your satisfaction will ye see Him bruised and bleeding and dying! Oh, will it not glut your eyes to behold Him on a cross! Be this your heart's desire? Ye shall see it. The Lamb of God will not resist.

Nay, Satan, He will not resist. Thou shalt

find nothing in the Son of God that is thine! Stir men to spit upon Him and slap Him in the face! Let them crown Him with thorns and array Him in a purple robe and kneel in mockery before Him! Let them strip and scourge Him till His flesh is torn and quivering! Let them lay upon His back a heavy cross and drive Him forth faint and weary amidst jeers and hisses to Golgotha! There let them crucify Him! All the while not a word of complaint will He utter. Oppressed and afflicted and brought as a lamb to the slaughter He will open not His mouth. Despised, rejected, a man of sorrow, acquainted with grief; wounded, bruised, chastened, and bearing the sins of the whole world—a colossal, staggering burden,—the Son of God will murmur not. He will not give place to thee, O Satan! His heart is pure. Thou canst not blacken it! Pride, revenge, murder, lust, hatred, and malice, all these belong to thee. In vain wilt thou seek to discover or implant them in Jesus!

Infernal Prince, thy cause is lost! Get thee back to hell! Thou didst hear Him cry, "'Tis finished," and knewest well that He had conquered.

. . . . . .

Yea, Jesus conquered! The Christ of God is not accursed and fallen! Heaven's first-born is not a rebel and a renegade! Father and Son are not eternally divided! The heir of all things is not cast out! Earth, man's dwelling place is not incorporated with hell! Instead, earth shall be re-

deemed and made the wondrous habitation of the saints through all ages. The choice of God's creation will prove His glory, not His shame! Evil will not triumph over good! Instead, righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea! Hell shall be cast out and all that belongs to it! Satan shall be bound eternally! Death, disease, war, and all evils shall be cast into the lake of fire which is beyond the illuminated universe! Holiness and peace shall fill the earth! and, triumphant and exalted,

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

CHAPTER XXXIV

PATRIOTIC ADDRESS*

ELLOW CITIZENS:—This is an occasion on which we all stand on the common ground of patriotism. Hither may come and mingle in mutual friendship and brotherhood, people of all social, religious, and political allignments who are unqualifiedly devoted to our sacred flag and the well-being of our great country. I know that I voice your sentiments when I say that Bolshevists and anarchists and other like tribes of yellow streak are rigidly debarred from any conscious fellowship which we of true Americanism will tender one another today.

I see in this grand assembly a vivid flame of that same holy patriotism that has burned in the hearts of our fathers and forefathers for a hundred and fifty years—that same fire of patriotism which, ever and anon, in the years gone by, on every memorable occasion, has burst forth to paralyze the whole world with its volcanic spontaneity and energy.

*Given at the Welcome Home Celebration, South Bound Brook, N. J., June 29, 1919.

Before the events of the past two years some people dared to presume that this fire was dying out, that the American nation had become a vast conglomerated mass of "pro-Europeanism," indifference, and defunct American sentiment. But they were mistaken—some of them greatly to their ruination. It has always been, and I hope it will always be, a perilous thing for anybody from a bigoted Kaiser down to a contemptible anarchist to approach cynically and foolhardily the rugged crater of this gigantic volcano of American patriotism and hurl jeers and slurs into its yawning mouth. Let the enemies of this nation beware! Let them take heed lest the thin crust that separates their presumptuous feet from the fiery indignation of this great people break beneath them!

I call you all now to witness that every one of our gallant and esteemed heroes of the great war in whose honor this illustrious occasion has been planned, and every other red-blooded American that is here today, whether man or woman, is here to attest with all the enthusiasm of his or her being that we are solidly united in one grand determination not only to maintain the glorious ideals and practical benefits which have been handed down to us by forefathers, who have fought, bled, and died to attain them, but to hand them on unharmed and increased to our future generations!

That we will succeed, there is absolutely no

question. That the American people have the moral courage and force to follow up their good intents, has only too often been proved. The Revolutionary War, a war on home soil against a foreign invading evil; the Civil War, a war on home soil against an internal, self-engendered evil; and the recent great World War, a war on foreign soil against what came well-nigh being a universal evil,—all witness with blood and fire to the truth of this assertion.

We may be slow at times. A hundred million people cannot be expected to rally in one night. But give the people time, let the currents of sentiment work, and none too late the great American nation will arise like a huge mastodon, every muscle and every cord throughout its tremendous bulk quivering and vibrating with the fervor of patriotic zeal. And then what movements! What stupendous achievements! The world stands dismayed. It is as though a vast rock-ribbed continent, coming up out of the seas and suddenly converting itself into a colossal, intelligent creature, had commenced to work god-like wonders on the earth.

Never in the history of the world has any nation done in so short a time and on so gigantic a scale anything to be compared with what the American nation has done in the past two years. I need not stop to remind you of her wonderful accomplishments. You know how quickly and marvelously she turned her boundless resources

like a thousand mighty rivers into one seemingly shoreless, bottomless channel of noble purpose. You know how amazingly fast and how thoroughly she mustered together and organized the greatest army of valiant young men the world has ever seen, and how stupefyingly sudden in the eyes of Europe, through her unparalleled feats of transportation, those same young men with solemn faces and steady step, were seen marching in endless columns, millions strong through the streets of London and Paris enroute to victory!

Believe me, fellow citizens, America may be a little hard to arouse at times, but when she awakens, she is awake! And when she acts, she acts decisively. And her motives have had as little reason to be questioned as those of any nation on the earth. It is true that she may not always have been in the right in everything, and that at times she may have been misled. But history will show that her career has generally been noble and altruistic. Swerve a little, she may. It is a rare person or nation that never makes a mistake or has anything to regret. But America's swervings are not like the wabblings of an intoxicated man. They are rational movements, even though they may be wrong. The ship that sails across the sea, if she goes by the wind, must veer and tack. She does not and cannot follow an undeviating line. But who doubts that in time she will make her port? So the American Ship of State, though ever shifting before the winds of public opinion—her demo-

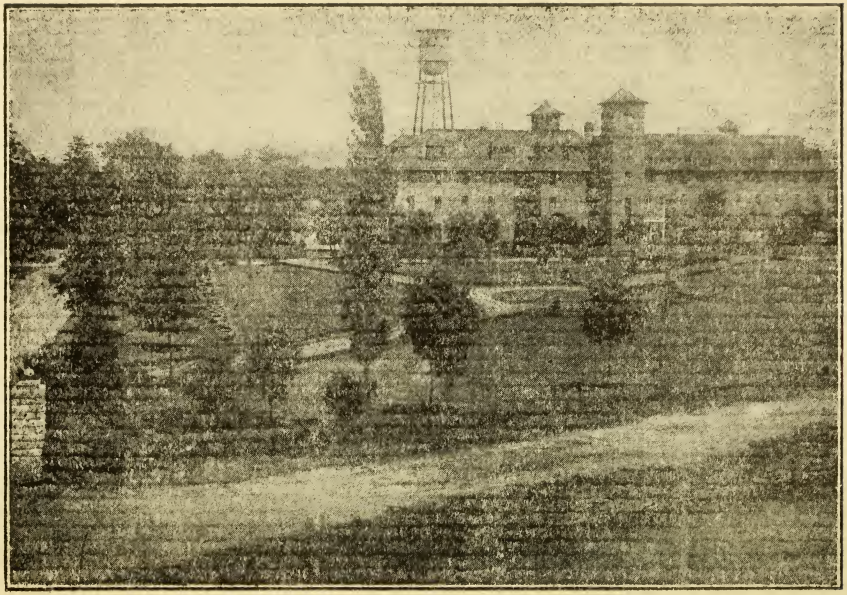
cratic motivating forces, will steadily progress upon her well-selected course.

Fellow Citizens: America is the brightest star in the world's great constellation of nations. Her place is lofty, her light sublime. For a century and a half she has been a benign guide to liberty and freedom for oppressed and downtrodden people of every race and tongue upon the earth. To her glorious land they have come—millions upon millions of them. And these same people, assuming the duties of devoted citizenship, have rallied about her flag, ready to uphold, even at the cost of their lives, its time-honored standards and cherished traditions.

What other nation under the sun could have thrown open its doors to such an influx of foreign people with their multitudinous varieties of customs and sentiments and maintained its equilibrium as America has? America's problems have been many and baffling, but so far she has made well. Truly she must possess a universal working principle or genius of government in her Constitution. Surely God Almighty himself must have laid the foundation upon which she has been built.

Our heroes, you did well to consecrate your lives to the ideals for which this great country stands. Of what illustrious flag in all the world could you be so proud? To what interests now could you or any of the rest of us devote our lives more nobly than to those of this nation and its people?

Let us all here and now unconditionally pledge ourselves to stand by the Stars and Stripes, to support with all our might and main every movement which will enhance its glory, and to oppose with all the force of our united strength every power, whether secret or open, that would drag our hallowed Flag down to the dust; and let us pray that this nation, ever favored and guided by Almighty God, will continually rise to higher heights of political, social, and moral perfection.



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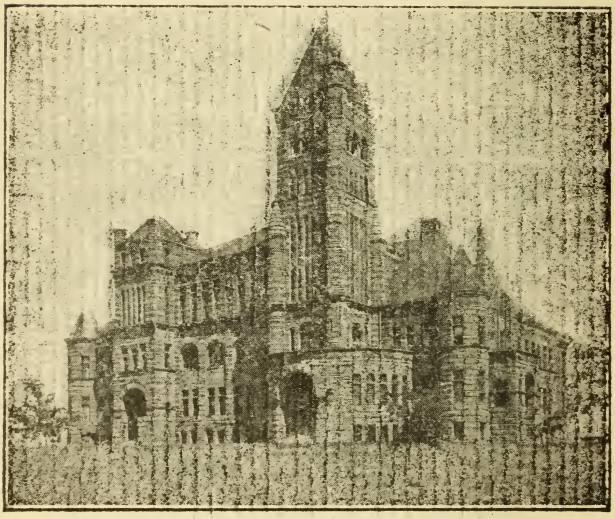

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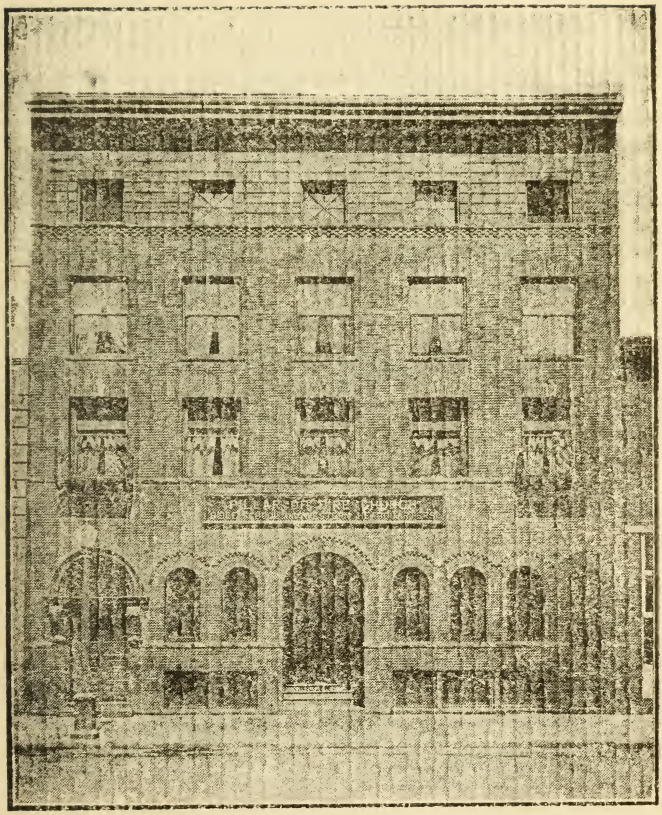

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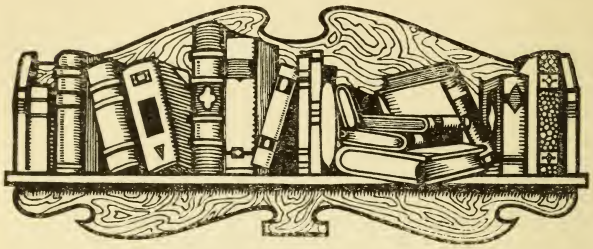

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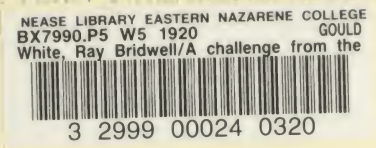

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